

From The Edinburgh Review.

1. *De la Longevité Humaine, et de la Quantité de Vie sur le Globe.* Par P. Flourens, Membre de l'Académie Française, Secrétaire perpétuel de l'Académie des Sciences, &c., &c. Deuxième Edition. Paris: 1855.
2. *On the Decline of Life in Health and Disease.* By B. Van Oven, M. D. London: 1854.
3. *Records of Longevity.* By Thomas Bailey. London: 1856.

THE doctrine of M. Flourens is, that man ought, by virtue of his natural constitution, to live for a century; and that this natural term of life is abridged only by his own improvidence, follies, and excesses. Such an opinion, supported by a name of some eminence, deserves consideration at least; and this we propose to give to it, adding further what occurs to ourselves as needful to a more complete and just view of the subject.

Without citing any of the innumerable maxims and commonplaces by which the love of long life has been illustrated or re-proved, we may at once assume the fact that all mankind, of every age, race, and country, have a deep and paramount interest in this great question of the duration of life, and of the means by which it may best be maintained and prolonged. Such maxims and speculations come to us from the earliest records of man on the earth—they are embodied in classical poetry, in history and romance—they appertain alike to savage and civilized life, to the fool and the philosopher—and are common to every country and clime, from the arctic circle to the equator.

There needs no argument to prove that this must be so; and that the feeling is justified by being natural and inevitable. The word *life*, when thus used to express the totality to every man of his present being, is in itself of deep significance. While marking out the longer or shorter space which each one occupies in the endless line of time, it includes those many wonderful changes of mind and body—those diverse yet continuous stages of existence—by which, without forfeiture of personal identity, childhood, manhood, and old age are all in-

cluded within one span. Philosophy in every age has been occupied and perplexed by this great problem of the origin, progress, and end of life. Metaphysicians and moralists have alike lost themselves in the inquiry. Physiologists and physicians, by taking other routes, and noting the close connection of vital and physical laws, have seemed to approach nearer to its solution; yet all are met in the end by barriers which no research or reason can surmount, and upon which speculation wastes itself in words without meaning.

Look, as a single case, at that profound problem to which we have just referred—the preservation of unity of consciousness, under the successive natural changes of state, and the numberless accidents and strange fluctuations which compose the life of man. The phrase of Rochefoucauld, "*On est quelquefois aussi différent de soi-même que des autres*," is a feeble and superficial expression of those diversities of condition which occur in each single being, between the cradle and the grave. Yet the line of personal identity is kept entire, though thus knotted and tangled in every part of its length—though feelings are altered and memories have passed away. If reason cannot reach these things, faith may find in them some index to a higher identity beyond the term of life on earth.

Look again at that which seems to make the greatest breach in this unity of being, yet is itself an integral part of life, and necessary to it—the wonderful phenomenon of Sleep. If called upon to name that part of our natures which is at once most marvelous in itself, and most prolific of conclusions beyond, we could not hesitate to find it in this great function, so familiar to our experience, so obscure to our philosophy. When Sir Thomas Brown describes sleep as "the brother of death, which extracteth a third part of our lives," he quaintly but strikingly denotes the wonderful fact of this periodical intermission of ordinary life; during which the senses cease in great part to have relation to the world without; and the mind, barely conscious of its own iden-

tity, works in a vague succession of images and associations—the shadows sometimes of prior events, sometimes the seeming creation of the very act of dreaming, and traceable to no reality of waking existence. Scarcely can we abate our wonder at this phenomenon of our nature, by placing what we believe to be its true theory before us viz., that sleep is not one, but an ever-changing variety of state; passing through every stage and degree of change, from perfect wakefulness to the most complete suppression of all external consciousness—varying also at every moment in the degree in which each particular sense and function of life is submitted to its influence.* All these more especial conditions of sleep do rather enhance the wonder and the mystery of a state, which thus occupies and engrosses a full fourth part of human existence on earth;—not less than a third, if we take infancy and old age fairly into the calculation. The sleep and various states of semi-consciousness, produced by mesmeric or other unwonted means, we look upon with awe and amazement; forgetting, in their familiarity, those equally strange phenomena under which we periodically pass this portion of our existence. The dull book lulling its reader into slumber, or the cushioned arm-chair and warm fireside inviting sleep, may well be termed mesmeric agents, as regards this change of state; though wanting those accessories of nervous temperament, and that strange mixture of credulity and fraud, so often noted in persons who are the subjects of mesmeric experiment.

We have hitherto been speaking of life in its larger and physiological sense. We now come to that more especial view of it indicated by the title of the volume before us: in pursuing this subject, however, it will be still needful to recur occasionally to the more general theory for aid and illustration. The questions regarding human longevity are far too complex to be submitted to any single solution, or separated from the elementary consideration of life itself.

The name and repute of M. Flourens in

* We find this theory of sleep as a succession of ever-changing conditions, strongly urged by Sir H. Holland in his Chapters on Mental Physiology, as the only one accordant with truth, or capable of expounding the strange phenomena, mental and bodily, of this mysterious function of life; and we have previously adverted to this work in No. ccx. of this Journal.

the scientific world might well warrant some high expectations of a work coming from him, and bearing this title. His position in the Institute of France, and in other great European Societies, and his prior remarkable researches in experimental physiology, afforded a reasonable pledge that whatever he wrote on this interesting topic would be marked by a large and close observation of facts, and by sound deductions from them. We are bound to say that this expectation is in no way fulfilled by the treatise before us; the greatest merit of which is that it is not long, and not otherwise tedious than through its loose and inconsecutive reasoning. The result he seeks to establish as to human longevity we consider to be unfounded; and the arguments offered on behalf of it vague and unsatisfactory. Of this part of his work we shall speak more in detail hereafter, as this question will form the main subject of the present article. Meanwhile we shall content ourselves with a very cursory notice of the latter half of the volume, indicated in the title-page by the phrase, "*De la Quantité de Vie sur le Globe.*"

Though aware that this phrase is borrowed from Buffon, we still claim the right to object to it here; as an affectation of higher philosophy and greater originality than really belongs to this portion of M. Flourens' work. What he gives us is, in truth, little more than a partial and disjointed discussion of those modern discoveries in Paleontology, and the relations of animal life to the successive and various conditions of the globe, which form an era in the history of science; but which he evidently only imperfectly comprehends. The doctrine of Buffon, upon which his own views are founded, is this: that, taking all created beings into account, the total quantity of life on our earth is always the same—that the Creator has brought into being an incalculable number of living organic molecules, indestructible and common to all organized beings, the material of generation, growth, and duration of existence—that death, while it destroys and dissolves individual forms or lives, does not annihilate these molecules, which pass into other forms, giving and maintaining life as before, and being always the same in total quantity on the globe. This is one of the many fruitless hypotheses, common to every age; easy to construct,

difficult absolutely to refute or deny, impossible to prove. The *molécules organiques vivantes* of Buffon, like the *plastic nature* of Cudworth, are an effort to shelter penury of knowledge under the garb of scientific language. Though the higher genius of Leibnitz gave somewhat more of philosophy to his *monads*, yet essentially the attempt and the failure are the same. Life may be defined, more or less justly, in its functions. In its elements, no reason or hypothesis can reach it.

M. Flourens, however, while professing admiration of Buffon's genius, and acquiescence in the hypothesis as to the equal and constant quantity of life on the globe, places this doctrine on a basis of his own, which we may briefly give in his own words:

“Je n'étudie *la vie*, ni dans les *molécules organiques*, ni dans les *monades*. J'étudie *la vie* dans les *êtres vivants*; et je trouve deux choses: la première que le nombre des *espèces* va toujours en diminuant, depuis qu'il y a des animaux sur le globe; et la seconde que le nombre des *individus*, dans certaines espèces, va toujours au contraire en croissant; de sorte que, à tout prendre, et tout bien compté, le *total de la quantité de vie*, j'entends le total de la quantité des *êtres vivants*, reste toujours en effet à peu près le même.”

No evidence for this doctrine is known to us, and assuredly none is furnished by our author to justify its enunciation as a special discovery. It is very true, as M. Flourens states, that various species of animals—some of them, as attested by their bones, of gigantic size—have become extinct during what may be called the existing epoch in the history of the globe—that others are probably in progress towards extinction—and that no new creation is known, within this period, of animals of equivalent size, to replace those thus vanishing from the earth. It is also true that many of the domesticated species, serving to the uses of man, have been largely increased in numbers, an effect of the increase of human population on the globe. But these things, which are *true*, are not *new*; and the doctrine derived from them,—that a balance is struck between the two opposed conditions, and that the total quantity of life, or of living beings, remains always nearly the same,—is one wholly unsupported by the premises. Its wording, indeed, betrays the author's hesitation as to

its truth. The “à peu près” is a great discounter of realities in science, as in most other things.

It will be obvious, indeed, to all who care to reason on the subject, that we have no knowledge, or means of obtaining it otherwise than by vague approximation, as to the total quantity of life on the globe, or the relative quantity at different periods. Such phraseology, then, except as denoting mere hypothetical questions, cannot rightly be admitted into scientific language; seeing especially how little we are able to estimate numbers or *individualities* of life in any of the great classes of the animal kingdom—how impossible to conjecture them in the multitude of those lower forms which we reach only through the eye of the microscope. Nor in fact can any such conclusions as those put forward by M. Flourens be accepted, as long as doubts exist as to the proper definition of species, and the possibility of their change or transmutation in long periods of time. We may not acquiesce in these doubts; but they are entertained by many, and tend to complicate every part of the inquiry.

Dismissing, however, this subject, which it is not necessary to pursue further, we come to the main topic of M. Flourens' volume, the longevity of Man. We wish to deal fairly with his doctrine, and shall state it as clearly as we can. But here, again, we have to complain of the loose and desultory character of his reasoning, broken by numerous citations from other writers, poets as well as physiologists, and many of them little fitted to serve as authorities in a scientific treatise. We have been accustomed to look into the pages of Molière, Voltaire, and La Fontaine for satire upon human life, and not for sober reasoning upon longevity.

M. Flourens propounds his main question in these terms: “Quelle est la durée naturelle, ordinaire, normale de la vie de l'homme?” And he instantly replies to this question by a passage from Buffon, which he takes as the text and authority for his own views. “L'homme qui ne meurt pas de maladies accidentelles, vit partout quatre-vingt-dix, ou cent ans.” Though we might comment on the tautology of *naturelle* and *normale* as applied to the term of life, we can find no other fault in this manner of propounding the theme. In adopting the

conclusion of Buffon, he follows the same train of reasoning to it. He affirms that the duration of life depends neither on climate, nor food, nor race, nor any external condition, but has relation solely to the natural constitution and intrinsic vigor (*vertue intrinsèque*) of our organs. Regarding everything in the animal economy as submitted to fixed laws—that every animal species has its determinate shape and size, its particular time of gestation and period of growth—he infers that the natural duration of life must be equally definite for each species, and open to determination. Still following Buffon at each step, M. Flourens accepts his doctrine that this measure of life is to be found in a certain proportion to that of complete growth, as well in man as in other animals. He differs only as to what may be taken as the term or limit of this growth. Buffon, naturally enough, makes *stature* his index; and assuming the average period of growth in height in man to be about sixteen years, he takes six or seven periods, the multiples of this time, to express the natural duration of human life. He fortifies himself in this result, by observation of a proportion of time of growth to the length of life in other animals, the horse, dog, stag, &c.; but neither numerically nor otherwise does he claim for his doctrine the absolute exactness of a physical law. "The whole duration of life may in some measure be calculated by that of the period of growth. Man, who is fifteen years in growth, may live six or seven times that period, &c."

M. Flourens is bolder in his conclusions, and in the same degree further removed from truth. He adopts as the term or limit of bodily growth (*accroissement*), the complete union of bones at their Epiphyses—an expression we shall speedily explain—and, alleging this consummation of growth to occur in man at the age of twenty, and in certain other animals at other ages, in each respectively the fifth part of the term of life, he at once multiplies by 5 the 20 years of human growth, and pronounces 100 years as the natural period of human existence. We produce this view in his own words:

"Buffon says that every animal lives about six or seven times as long as it is in growing. On this supposition the relation would be as 1 to 6 or 7; but the real relation of the period of growth to the duration

of life is as 1 to 5, or nearly so. Man is 20 years growing, and he lives five times 20 years, or to 100. The camel is 8 years growing, and he lives to 40: the horse 5 years growing, and he lives to 25; and so on to other animals. We have thus, then, at last, an accurate criterion which gives us with certainty the period of growth. The duration of that period gives us the duration of life."

The argument, thus put, is more summary in manner than satisfactory in substance. We doubt much whether this period of epiphysis, or completion of bony union, has been determined in a sufficient number of animals, and with sufficient exactness, to serve as a basis for numerical results. We believe, further, that the relation of this period to the normal duration of life in different animals, is nothing more than that general proportion which every successive period bears to its antecedents and consequents; rendering each, in some sort, a measure and index to the rest. What is called *epiphysis* is a very limited phenomenon of growth; and, though seemingly the last in the series of osseous developments, cannot be admitted as an epoch in life, or as having any important relation to other structural changes. We dispute, then, altogether, the right of M. Flourens to take it as an axiom, and, by applying his multiple of five, to make it tally with what is evidently a foregone conclusion of his own as to the length of life. This conclusion is not logically attained, and is manifestly in contradiction to all experience.*

He appeals, however, to experience on behalf of his doctrine that one hundred years is the natural life of man; and that its curtailment below this normal term is the result of those errors and excesses in the manner of living which impair the organs and produce premature decay. And his argument here mainly lies in the citation of some of those cases in which life has been prolonged far beyond the average limit—instances often of exaggerated or doubtful

* As well might we reason from the old Highland proverb which says,—

"Thrice the life of a dog is the life of a horse;
Thrice the life of a horse is the life of a man;
Thrice the life of a man is the life of a stag;
Thrice the life of a stag is the life of a crow."

The traditional longevity of the stag and the crow are still, we believe unsolved problems; but there is nothing in the period of their respective growths to bring them within M. Flourens' theory.

kind, but yet numerous and authentic enough to be admitted as positive facts in the natural history of man. While justly sceptical as to the instances that go beyond our own experience, we cannot rightly dispute the statements coming to us from various sources, from different countries and periods of time, that human beings have occasionally reached, and now and then exceeded, the extraordinary age of 150 years. In our own country, for example, though we may put aside as unproved the case of Henry Jenkins, alleged (chiefly, though not solely, on his memory of the battle of Flodden Field) to have lived 169 years; and regard with doubt that of the Countess of Desmond, whose age is recounted at 148; yet we cannot equally reject the evidence as to the 152 years of Thomas Parr's life, accredited as it is by the testimony of Harvey, who examined his body after death, and records the singular fact that the viscera were all sound; the cartilages of the ribs not ossified; and no obvious causes why he might not have lived yet longer, but for the surfeit of food, and changes in his habits of life, which followed his removal to London, and to the kitchens of the palace.*

Instances of this extraordinary kind indeed are fully admitted by some of the most eminent physiologists; and Haller and Hufeland respectively, after citing several especial cases of life exceeding 150 years, affirm it as probable that the organization and vital forces of man may be capable in some cases of reaching 200 years of age. No proof, however, is given by them of such age having ever been attained; nor is there any record of it, except in one or two instances, so utterly without attestation that they must at once be discarded. We note one of them below, simply to show how loose is the evidence often received on these matters.† But we cannot refuse belief to a certain proportion of cases in those tables of longevity, which, comprising many thousand

instances, must contain some average of truth, however difficult it may be to discriminate or define it. Dr. Van Oven, whose work is one of considerable ability and research, in tables which he has drawn up with great diligence, gives seventeen examples of age exceeding 150 years. In another of the volumes placed at the head of this article, the "Records of Longevity" by Mr. Bailey, we have a catalogue, alphabetically arranged, of three or four thousand cases of longevity verging closely upon, or exceeding, 100 years, and many of them reaching 150 years. Without seeking to impeach in the slightest degree the fidelity with which these tables are constructed, we cannot but feel the great want of all exact or sufficient evidence belonging to them. Still we are bound to admit some even of the extreme cases as authentic; and this of course presumes a constantly increasing proportion of others, which, though lower in the scale, do yet greatly transcend the average term of life. We shall have occasion afterwards to refer to these more especially. At present it is enough to state that we have sufficient proof of the frequent prolongation of life, to periods of from 110, to 130, or 140 years,—cases which, thus authenticated, we must necessarily take into view when dealing with this question of human longevity. But in so doing we are called upon to submit them all to the great general law of averages; and not to propound them, as M. Flourens does, as exponents of the natural capacity for life in man. We might just as reasonably assert that six feet is the natural stature, because some men have reached the stature of eight or even nine feet;—or, on the other hand, that four feet is the normal measure, because Count Benyowsky and the American Tom Thumb were dwarfed down below two and a half, or three feet;—or yet further affirm that fifteen stone is the natural weight of the species, because Daniel Lambert and some of his brethren in obesity have nearly doubled this weight. The fact is, that these anomalies, either by excess or deficiency, occur in every part of the physical structure of man, as in every part of the world of nature that surrounds us. The deviations thus permitted under the general laws which govern creation are, however, continually checked and controlled by those laws. They cannot pass certain limits with

* The post mortem examination of Parr was one of great care and minuteness. The statement of it by Harvey, and his narrative of other incidents in Parr's life, are exceedingly curious: and, thus attested, well deserving a place in human physiology.

† This case is derived from a parish register in Somersetshire, where the record appears of the "burial in Dec. 20, 1588, of Jane Britten, a maiden; as she affirmeth, at the age of 200."

out bringing into action fresh physical causes, tending to destroy the anomaly, and to restore that particular condition, which, as far as we can see, is specifically annexed to every organized object in the natural world.

Here then we find the value and import of the great law of averages, to which we have just alluded. Almost it may be called a new method of research, though now among the foremost in contributing to the extension and exactness of human knowledge. It is curious, but true, that the understanding of this particular mode of reaching truth was never fairly attained by the philosophers of antiquity. Some practical application of it is, indeed, next to inevitable in the most common processes of human thought and inquiry. But the principle was never fully recognized or converted to scientific use—an intellectual anomaly having close kindred with another still more singular default in the ancient philosophy, viz., the want of any right appreciation of *experiment*, as the most certain and powerful instrument of scientific research.

Modern science has fully acknowledged, and carried into active use, these two great methods; cognate in their origin and mutually dependent in every part and principle of their application. The law of averages, indeed, has acquired of late a wonderful extension and generality of use; attaining results, from the progressive multiplication of facts, which are ever more nearly approaching to the fixedness and certainty of mathematical formulæ. Every single observation, and every new fact added, comes into contribution to these resulting truths. Phenomena seemingly the most insulated, and anomalies the most inexplicable to common apprehension, are thus submitted to laws which control and govern the whole.

Many of our readers must be aware how largely this doctrine of averages has been applied, not merely to physical phenomena, but even to the social and moral conditions of man, as the highest tenant of that globe on which his destiny is cast. Under the auspices of Quetelet and others of his school, aided by the facilities of intercommunication now existing between the different regions and races of the earth, statistical knowledge has taken a high place among the sciences, and promises for the future

a powerful influence on the welfare of mankind.

Previously, however, to this larger and more scientific direction of the doctrine of averages, it had already received what we may call a *mercantile application*, in relation to the very topic now before us, viz., the estimate of human longevity. A new and vigorous traffic has sprung up within the last eighty years, of which the duration of life is the subject and basis. We need not enlarge here upon the principle or history of Life Assurance as a branch of actual business. Originating in England, it is here especially that it has grown and diffused itself, so as to become an essential part of our social policy—a natural, if not necessary, result of those complex relations of property and family connections, which are created by high civilization, personal freedom, and political security. And though partially defaced by certain evils inseparable from all human institutions, we are entitled to regard the system as one conducing largely to the interests and warfare of the community. As an interpreter of the averages of life, and of the various conditions affecting its duration, life insurance in its present extension has become one of our best guides; and the tables and calculations connected with it, though partially modified since their first adoption, do singularly expound that uniformity of results which arises out of these numerous and extensive records of age and death. Mathematics have lent their aid to the calculation, and given to it many of the conditions of an exact science.

Still more important documents as to human longevity are those furnished by the English Decennial Census, and the annual reports of the Registrar General; in which the results are derived from the total population of the kingdom, and so admirably recorded and classified as to afford not solely numerical conclusions respecting the several periods of age attained, but also much and curious knowledge as to the circumstances and conditions which affect the duration of life in different classes. Those who desire more detailed information on this subject cannot do better than consult these valuable reports. They possess the further advantage of being readily brought into comparison with the corresponding tables, more or less perfect, furnished from other European

kingdoms and from the United States; many of which tables are in fact contained in the volumes of English registration.

We shall have occasion to allude to some of these documents hereafter. But meanwhile we may state, as the result from them, that they utterly refute the doctrine which forms the pith and purport of M. Flourens' volume. Such formal refutation was in truth hardly needed of an opinion contradicted, as we have before said, by the common experience of mankind of every age and country. A hundred years is not, and has never been, the natural or normal age of man. No deviations from a life of nature—no excesses of luxury, or labors and privations of poverty—will suffice to explain the disparity between the doctrine in question, and the facts as they stand in face of it. M. Flourens dwells with complacent detail on the old and familiar instance of Louis Cornaro, the Venetian self-reformer—a notable one, doubtless, if we may trust to its correctness in all particulars; but bearing marks of exaggeration, and at best but an individual case, where the argument needs a multitude. If seeking for any causes likely to affect and alter the term of life on a large scale, we should rather expect to find them in the extraordinary diversity of physical conditions to which mankind are exposed, and especially in those conditions which belong to the extremes of climate in different parts of the globe. But M. Flourens himself rejects these causes as of little or no influence upon what he assumes as the normal term of life; and though we dispute his doctrine on the latter point, we agree with him so far as to believe that the external physical conditions to which man is subjected, have less effect than might be supposed upon the average duration of existence. Adaptations, partly of bodily textures, partly of aliment, but in each case providentially designed, come into action here, and restore that parity which appears to be the natural law for the species.

But, it may be asked, what then, rejecting this doctrine, is the true natural term of human life? Or is there any which can be strictly designated as such? The question is a simple and definite one—the answer cannot easily be rendered so. It might seem, indeed, *primâ facie* probable, that in the case of Man, single in species, and presumably derived from a single stock, there should

exist some middle term of natural age, marking the destined duration of his being on earth, apart from all those incidents, physical or moral, which crowd upon and affect his existence. But these incidents are so numerous and varied, so obscure often in their origin and progress, yet so certainly blending themselves, as we shall see hereafter, with the hereditary constitution of families and communities, that all sagacity is at fault in seeking to extract, and strictly to define, such natural term of life. The most copious and accurate registers fail us here; and we are forced to regard it, in some sort, as an abstract conception, incapable of being expressed, otherwise than approximately, by any simple number. If called upon to state this approximation, we might perhaps seek to rest on the old record of “*threescore years and ten* :” with a leaning, however, to the belief that this is somewhat below the true mark. Blumenbach, a high authority on such subjects, rated it, we believe, at about eighty years. But under no circumstances can we admit the *century* of years which M. Flourens has pleased himself by assigning to life; or allow the force of the arguments by which he seeks to substantiate his doctrine.

Dismissing then this particular question, suggested by the work before us, we may invite our readers to other parts of this interesting subject of human longevity. And first there comes into consideration the curious topic of *comparative longevity*; comprising questions of nations and races, civilized and savage,—of successive periods in the history of the world,—of families as well as individuals,—of sex, occupation, climate, food, and all other conditions pertaining to human life. Volumes would be needed to follow these matters into detail. M. Flourens touches upon them so slightly and vaguely, that no aid is to be gathered from his treatise. In our limited space we cannot bring them before our readers otherwise than by selecting a few prominent conclusions, serving to illustrate the main objects of inquiry, and the methods best fitted for attaining them. Any attempt to go beyond this would be perplexing and futile.

It is natural to look first—and it cannot be done without interest—at those records of longevity in former ages which may be brought into comparison with those of our

own time. We have already indicated, as the chief attainable results of such inquiry, the general duration of what may be considered the *completed life* of man; and the extreme cases of age stretching beyond this mean term. For obvious reasons we omit all reference to the length of antediluvian life, as we receive it from the Scriptures. We could say nothing new towards the solution of this question, depending, as it does, upon conditions and a state of the world to which no present knowledge can apply. We turn with more assurance to another record, of later time, but also bearing in its superscription the great name of Moses; which, in defining the life of man at *threescore years and ten*, affords a measure corresponding closely, as we have already seen, with the every-day experience of our own age.* In the beautiful passage of this psalm (so admirably translated by Lord Bacon), we have in a few words the touching picture, true to every time, of the decrepitude and other ills which affect life prolonged beyond the average term the Creator has assigned to it.

The records of ancient Egypt, Assyria, and Persia, though not expressing the fact to us in such positive forms, yet concur in furnishing the same general inference. The several periods of individual life are denoted as we now denote them; and generations succeed one another, as far as we can interpret the ancient monuments of the dead, under an equal and similar law. The pyramids were the tombs of monarchs, who, as an old writer says, "astonished Heaven by their audacities," but whose term of existence would seem to have been strictly commensurate with our own.

As we descend to the days of Greece and Rome, the notices derived from history and other kindred sources become more explicit and particular. The result we may affirm to be the same; testified to us both in the mean term of life as we have defined it, and not less remarkably in those deviations by excess, which in themselves furnish a sort of reflex proof as to the average—a manner of

* Ps. xc., entitled "A prayer of Moses, the man of God," and regarded as the oldest composition of the Psalter. It is worthy of remark, though doubtless familiar to many, that from the time of Noah to the days of Moses and Joshua, the record is one of *successive and gradual decrease* in longevity. Joshua "waxed old and stricken in years," some time before his death at 110 years.

verifying the mean number more valuable than on first sight might appear. Though we still cannot authenticate particular facts in these periods with the same assurance as by the statistical tables of our own time, yet neither Greeks nor Romans were wanting in methods of assigning exact date, even to the events of private life, through the popular and political institutions which are so deeply imbedded in their history. The Olympiads and public festivals of Greece, and the Consular Fasti of Rome, gave time, as well as name, to numerous family and personal occurrences. The "*calidus juvenâ consule Planco*" of Horace, is a familiar instance of the mode of dating events through this greatest and most lasting institution of the Roman State; and we know it to have been applied to that record of births which is essential to all evidence regarding longevity. We may refer, as an example of the completeness of some of these documents, to the account Pliny gives us of the Italian census instituted in the time of Vespasian; in which, to some extent at least, the classification by ages seems to have been conducted on the same plan as that we now follow. To this author we are indebted for much information on the subject of longevity; and the caution he applies to such instances as are presumably fabulous, or dependent on other modes of estimating years, is some security for the exactness of the cases which he admits without such suggestion. They are probably as authentic as the similar records of any modern people dating two or three centuries back.

Premising this, we may mention a few of the particular instances of longevity belonging to those times; and such especially as are associated with the eminent names of antiquity. The first case, indeed, that of Epimenides the Cretan (the subject of the famous example of the circulating syllogism), we must regard as very doubtful; the authorities for his alleged age of 167 being exceedingly slender. The Greek philosophers generally, however, of all sects and tenets, make fair show on the list; and under better evidence of authenticity. Zeno is stated to have lived 102 years; Democritus, 104; Pyrrho, 90; Diogenes, 90; Hippocrates, 99; Plato, 82; Isocrates, 98; Gorgias, the master of Isocrates, 107. But for the cup of hemlock, and the sword of

the Roman soldier, the 70 years of Socrates, and the 75 years of Archimedes might well have reached the same high class of longevities. The old age of Sophocles, 90 years, is associated with the touching anecdote of his recitation of verses from the *Œdipus Coloneus*, in proof of his then sanity of mind. The lofty lyric genius of Pindar was not lost to his country until he had reached 84 years. Simonides wore his *eligiac* laurels to the age of 90.

We wish we could settle a much disputed question, by assigning a period and time of life to that greatest of all Greek poets, whose name alone lives, and will yet live through every age of the world. Strange it is that the fame of Homer, thus immortal, should be dissociated from any distinct record or time of birth—still stranger, perhaps, that his *individuality* should have been called into question by the hard and technical criticism of our own day.

We might go on to cite numerous instances of eminent longevity from the Roman annals; many of these on the authority of Cicero himself. But we will confine ourselves to a few cases of female longevity of less historical weight, but some of them curious in their details. Terentia, the wife of Cicero, lived to 103; Clodia, the wife of Offilius, to 115 years. Two remarkable actresses stand on the list; one of whom, Luccia, is stated to have performed as *Mima* for about 100 years; the other, Galeria, was brought back to the stage, during games celebrated in honor of Augustus, in her 104th year, and 91 years after her first appearance before the Roman public. Pliny affords us a similar instance from the other sex, that of the dancer Stephanio (*qui primus togatas saltare instituit*), who, having danced at the secular games of Augustus, performed again at those of Claudius, 63 years later, and lived still some time afterwards.

The Census, already mentioned as instituted by Vespasian, furnishes some results as to longevity singular enough to suggest doubts of their entire accuracy. The instances given by Pliny are taken exclusively from the region between the Appenines and the Po; and upon the record of this census (which he himself calls *res confessa*) he enumerates 54 persons who had reached the age of 100,—14 of 110 years,—2 of 125,—4 of 130,—4 of 135,—and 3 of 140 years.

In the single town of Valciatum, near Placentia, he mentions 6 persons of 110; 4 of 120; 1 of 150 years. These round numbers are somewhat suspicious as to the reality of the ages in question; and the whole statement, derived from a district by no means noted for its salubrity, is so much in excess of any similar record in other countries, that we cannot but hesitate in admitting it. If true, it can only be solved by supposing a remarkable aggregation of cases of hereditary family longevity, through intermarriages in the same province. Nor can we draw from these, or other memorials of ancient longevity, any argument for believing that the mean duration of human life was ever above that which belongs to the period in which we now live.

From the question of comparative longevity in ancient and modern times, we come to that of races of men;—an inquiry subordinate in some sort to the higher question, whether we must regard all races as derived from a single primitive stock? or whether, to explain the remarkable physical diversities which exist, it is needful to suppose the original creation of more than one type on the earth? This question is one which has been keenly agitated of late years. For ourselves, we assent to the former belief, or that of unity of type and origin. We find evidence for this in the very multiplicity of existing varieties, and in the manner in which they graduate into one another. Of abrupt lines of demarcation there are none; and we follow the Negro into the Caucasian races through every step and stage of variation. This argument may not be positive: but it at least obviates the *prima facie* objection from the disparity of the extreme cases.

We must not, however, be seduced from our subject by this higher inquiry, curious and important though it be. It is enough to recognize here that Man forms, in every proper sense in which the term can be defined, one genus, and the single species of this genus, in the animal creation. The varieties or races of this species are all related by common conditions of reproduction, of structure and function of the skeleton and internal organs, and of the aliment appropriate to growth and maintenance. To these varieties, thus far identified in character and origin, our present question

of comparative longevity applies. Without referring to those several divisions into races, which historians or physiologists have adopted, we may at once take the extreme instances of the Negro, and the people of Northern and Central Europe, as including all intermediate cases. And here again, as in the question regarding the comparative longevity at different periods of time, we are led to the conclusion of that general parity, which the conditions just noted might lead us to expect. We cannot, indeed, go for facts to the parish registers of Bornou, or to the Statistical Society of Soudan; but from the registries of our West Indian Islands, and from the decennial census of the United States, we obtain information bearing closely on the question before us. We must not say *deciding* it; since the results, if not ambiguous, would show a very singular superiority in length of Negro life over that of European origin. In 1840, for instance, when the population of the United States was about 17 millions, of which 2½ millions in round numbers were negroes, the census gave 791 as the number of *whites* above 100; while of *slaves* the number of those above 100 is registered as 1333, of *free negroes* as 647. In 1855, we find from the census, that 43 persons died in the U. States above 100; the oldest white male at 110, the oldest white female 109; the oldest negro man 130, the oldest negro woman 120, both slaves. From Professor Tucker's analysis of the American census from 1790 to 1840, published a year ago, we derive the strange result, if true, that the chances of living above 100 are 13 times as great among the slaves, and 40 times as great in the free negroes, as in the white population of the country.

These results, however, as we have just hinted, are too anomalous to be readily accepted. Not half a century has yet elapsed since the importation of slaves from Africa was prohibited by law; and we may therefore safely presume that most of those whose *alleged ages* exceed 100, were of African birth; a circumstance which bars *in limine* all certain conclusions on the subject. Even with respect to those born in the States, there is much likelihood of faulty registration, added to by the frequent transference of slaves from one estate to another. And yet further, we have to consider here the

habits of the negroes themselves, their curious inaccuracy as to all matters of numbers, and their proneness to exaggeration, especially when by applying this to age, they may hope to obtain some interest in their fate or mitigation of their labors. Professor Tucker goes further, and speaks of the temperate and easy life of a large part of the slave population as adding to the chances of longevity. We should gladly believe that it was so; but the much larger proportion of centenarians among the free blacks weakens the force of the inference.

For these and other reasons we cannot draw just conclusions from the American census; while the general evidence from other sources (confirmed by personal inquiry we have ourselves made in the country), leads to the belief that the average longevity of the Negro and European races differs but little in amount. The extreme cases of longevity in the former, furnished us from our own West Indian Islands, closely tally with those recorded in the registers of the white races of Europe; and, as we have already remarked, those extreme cases form a sort of index to the average sought for.*

We have not space to pursue this comparison in detail through the several races and nations of modern Europe and Asia, though the materials we now possess are ample for this purpose. Of these races, variously commingled indeed in their present nationalities, the Teutonic and the Slavonic are the most considerable; derived, as modern ethnology teaches us, from a common Asiatic source, yet with wide separation by intervening time. European Russia best expounds all that relates to the Slavonic race. In the subjoined note we give a few particulars, drawn from the registers of this empire, and also from those of some of the Teutonic nations of the north of Europe.† They con-

* We have attempted, but without success, to obtain some distinct evidence as to the comparative longevity of mulattos, quadroons, &c. The common belief is that they are short-lived, and that such breeds soon cease to be prolific. But more and better attested details are required, before we can reach any certain conclusions.

† For Russia, the returns of 1842 are before us. From these it appears that the mean annual mortality in that empire is fully 31·2 per cent (in the provinces which include the basins of the Volga, Don, and Dnieper, considerably more), a very high ratio compared with the 21·4 per cent of England; but in some part explained by the great mortality of infants in Russia. These tables do not give de-

firm the result of general equality, both as to the medium duration of life and as to longevity by excess. The medium annual mortality varies materially in different countries, still more in detached localities; but such diversities often belong to particular periods of life only (as that of infancy especially), and affect more partially than might be supposed the result with which we are here mainly concerned.

We have already spoken of the excellence of our recent English registration, as attested by the volumes annually published. Though they afford us no present cases of longevity equivalent to those of Jenkins and Parr, they indicate a medium duration of life, and a proportion of lives above 100, at least equal to what exists in any other country. Taking two recent years as a brief illustration, we find in 1852, when the population of England and Wales was 18 millions, there died 35 males above 100 years of age, the oldest 105,—and 53 females, of whom three reached one 106, one 107, and two 108 years. In the following year, the register tells us of the deaths of 31 males, and 62 females, above 100,—the oldest male 109, the oldest female 110 years. We may add that in England it is probable that the low rate of medium annual mortality—not exceeding 24 per cent, and much below that of most of the European nations—expresses causes which must have some effect in multiplying the cases of great age. As we have already said, the influence of these causes is limited by various considerations; but we cannot reasonably exclude it; or deny that there may exist from this source certain mean differences of longevity in the several races and nations of mankind, as with respect to stature, and other marked features

tailed specification of ages above 90; but they record for several years the number of deaths of males upwards of 90, giving a mean of more than 5000 for each year, or probably 10,000, had females been included. This stands in large proportion to the population; but as at the date of 90 years before these returns, there was no system of registration in Russia, their accuracy admits of much doubt. In Austria, including Lombardy, in 1842, 448 persons died at ages above 100, out of about 460,000 deaths.

In the Prussian States in 1841, 786 males and 890 females died at ages upwards of 90. In Norway, in 1845, when the population approached 1,200,000, there were found to be 1 males, and 22 females, above 100. We could have wished for some specification of the actual ages here, Norway being reputed to afford examples of extreme longevity.

of bodily conformation. The evidence is not yet sufficient to designate these differences. The reasons, already urged, lead us to believe that the disparity, when ascertained, will not be found considerable in amount.

In pursuing this question of human longevity, we pass from races and nations, where the large averages cancel, more or less completely, all subordinate inequalities, to the lower divisions of families, and local or limited communities, where new causes come into action no longer neutralizing each other in their general results. All who rightly comprehend the law of averages will see at once that this must be so. It is impossible to particularize the many causes which affect the health and life of man in various localities; but the subject of longevity in families connects itself with one of the most curious questions in human physiology—that of the hereditary transmission of physical qualities and peculiarities from parents to offspring. Every one is familiar with this fact in the case of other animals, especially in those domesticated by man, and made more useful to him in the varieties thus produced. We cannot affirm that the capacity for change, by such hereditary transmission, is as great in man himself; for, except in the instance of the gigantic grenadiers of the King of Prussia, and possibly in the usages of some savage tribes, we are not aware of any attempt having ever been distinctly made to test this capacity. But in one form or other the fact is familiar to the observation of all; subject, indeed, to the anomalies which beset every part of this great mystery; yet exhibited in such numberless ways, on mind as well as body, as to show its mighty influence on the destinies of man. The most minute peculiarities of external features, as well as the grosser conditions of stature and bulk, are capable of being thus transmitted; and we cannot doubt, upon pathological observation, that the internal organs also—possibly even that wonderful fluid which circulates through and ministers to all of them—are subject to the same influence, derived from one generation to another. The bearing of this influence on the formation of national diversities of feature and character, is a most curious collateral topic, but it would here be out of place.

What, however, clearly pertains to our

subject, is the fact of longevity being hereditary, and running in particular families and lines of descent. This will at once be seen as a natural effect of the conditions just stated, and it is confirmed to us by all observation. Every group of tombstones tells a true tale, in this respect, of what lies underneath. Before the Titanic power of steam had given the speed and vehemence of the race-horse to our manner of travelling, we can remember the time when we used to loiter through the country churchyard while horses were changed, or dinner prepared, at the road-side inn. Here, in its simplest form, may be learnt the truth of which we are speaking. On one family group of gravestones are recorded the many early deaths which give evidence of feeble and disensed constitutions;—another group tells in its dates the history of sound family temperament, and prolonged age from parents to offspring. Considering the various collateral influences ever present, we have often been surprised by the uniformity of this result. But these external influences are in effect continually tending to restore the balance, and do in the end retrieve that average in which all anomalies and inequalities finally merge. Inter-marriage among different families, in successive generations, is obviously the natural provision against such inequalities. They sometimes, however, continue long; and occasionally assume very singular and morbid aspects, where, from some cause of local or social limitation, inter-marriages are confined to a small community, without due admixture from without. This natural correction, then, little aided by human provision, is a *providential one*,—illustrated by analogies in other parts of the animal kingdom; but a mystery in itself, like all that belongs to the transmission and interblending of animal life through successive generations.

Descending from families to individuals—the last step in the scale we have thus been rapidly following—we find the contingencies which affect longevity to multiply largely, and become more obvious than when concealed under the averages of large numbers. One important classification, however, here suggests itself, viz. that of the Sexes: though it would be difficult to prove it absolutely, we consider the strong presumption to be, that the natural term of life is the same in man and woman. It must be ad-

mitted indeed that our own Census, in common with that of many other civilized communities, shows a considerably larger proportion of females than of males attaining 100 years. But we believe the fact to be of ready explanation, without recurring to any recondite causes. Woman drops more easily than man into the passive existence of advanced age. The pursuits, pleasures, and passions of her antecedent life are for the most part of more tranquil kind, and do not so strongly contrast with the inert seclusion of later years. The expression of a French writer, "*Peu de gens savent être vieux*," has much closer application to one sex than the other. The incidents of child-bearing might seem to lie on the other side. But these belong to, and affect, an earlier period of life; and can hardly be considered as equal in influence to the external casualties which more especially beset man, even to the extremity of age. We may further remark that the cases of extraordinary longevity, which we have denoted as a sort of index to the average, are found to give a general equality of result for the two sexes.

We come then finally to individual life in reference to longevity—a subject which cannot be dealt with except under new conditions, and a larger reference to physical and moral causes in their influence on the animal economy of man. Of hereditary temperament we have already spoken. But apart from this, the whole of life teems with incidents which must needs affect, more or less, its duration. Every particular variation of health, however produced, has some definite relation, perceptible or not, to this result. The physical conditions and habits of the individual, whether those of luxurious sensuality, or of meagre poverty, are in constant action here; and, associated with these, the various occupations, whether of choice or necessity, which minister to the livelihood of man. No argument is needful to show the bearing of the latter, both upon individuals and communities. In a manufacturing and commercial country especially, where population is more crowded, and where art and labor in their every branch are strained to the utmost reach of human exertion, life becomes subject to influences which act powerfully upon it, and tend perhaps on the whole to shorten its duration. The materials and documents we possess are not yet copious and exact enough to justify more

certain conclusions on the subject. That some particular occupations abridge life, by bodily confinement, privation of good air, the direct action of noxious vapors, or other causes, is a fact too familiar to all. To this class of causes, acting more definedly, must be referred in part the difference between town and country longevity; testified in England by the mean annual mortality in the larger towns being twenty-six or twenty-seven in a thousand, while that of the whole kingdom does not exceed seventeen in the same number. This whole subject is one of high interest to our social welfare, and attention is now keenly awakened to it.

Curiosity may also be directed to the question how the learned professions stand as to relative longevity? In such an inquiry it is obvious that individual cases go very little way towards its solution. With respect to the profession of Law, we have no connected evidence sufficient to warrant a general conclusion, though many particular instances of great judges readily suggest themselves, who have continued to render eminent public services through a long term of age. The Insurance Offices, until recently at least, gave more distinct results as to the value of clerical life in England. The Clergy, in fact, form their best description of insurances; affording an average of life considerably beyond that of any other class. We have much reason, however, to doubt whether the hard-worked clergyman of the present day will maintain this average for the future. The Medical profession, both in England and elsewhere, comes much lower in the scale of longevity. No material for satire can be drawn from this fact. The hard labors, broken rest, and anxious responsibilities of medical men, and their much greater exposure to infection and other causes of disease, well explain that whilst they are prolonging the lives of others they are shortening their own.

The longevity of statesmen and of men of letters offers other curious topics of inquiry; but of still greater difficulty, from the more doubtful definition of these classes. Here, again, we must reject the evidence of particular cases, as not leading to any certain conclusion. We read of Henry Dandolo reaching the age of 100; Cardinal Fleury, 90; Bolingbroke, 79; Alberoni,

80; Pombal, 83 years. In our own times we are familiar with the venerable aspect and antique manners of Talleyrand, Metternich, and Nesselrode—statesmen who have played so various a part amid the changes of dynasties and the conflicts of empires. And, again, among the greatest men of our own country, less exposed indeed to revolutionary storms, we find the names of many who, happily for this nation, have continued the eminent labors and services of earlier life into a prolonged age of honor and usefulness. Of the Duke of Wellington it was truly said on the morrow of his death, that he had exhausted nature as he had exhausted glory; and to the same illustrious generation belong the names of Lyndhurst, Brougham, and Lansdowne,—all still maintaining, under what is weight of years alone, the vigor, eloquence, and ability which have marked every stage of their career. But, after all, such instances interpret only individualities of temperament, and afford no answer to the general question. The same is true in the case of literary and scientific men. We might quote the examples of Hobbes, Voltaire, Fontenelle, Heyne, Goethe, Newton, Kepler, Halley, Cassini, Maria-Agnesi, and others all reaching ages between 80 and 100; or the living fame of Humboldt, still eminent, at 87, in every great faculty of mind; but we can venture no general affirmation grounded upon such instances.

From these topics we pass to another of close affinity with them, namely, the influence of those passions, cares, and excesses of mind which belong to the strange and fitful history of human life, and affect every part of it, from very infancy to the extremity of age. It would not be easy to estimate the relative influence of moral and purely physical causes upon longevity. They are so mutually consequent upon one another, so interwoven in all ways, that both reason and observation are at fault in seeking to distinguish their effects. What we have hitherto been discussing are chiefly facts, measured more or less exactly by numbers and tables.

the original writers, nor does there exist another example of a hero near one hundred years of age. Theophrastus might afford an instance of a writer of ninety-nine. It is scarcely possible that the powers of the mind and body should support themselves to such a period of life." (*Decline and Fall*, cap. LX.)

* "But," says Gibbon, in recording the fact, "this extraordinary longevity is not observed by

We now allude to topics which cannot be reduced under any formularies,—scarcely even can be methodized by discussion. No statistics can embrace or penetrate the whole of the inquiry: though in certain parts of it they may eventually carry us further than those commonplace maxims and generalities which have currency in the world.

The simple but certain fact presents itself in the outset, that the healthiness of the organs ministering to the several functions of life constitutes the health of the man, and in the same proportion tends to prolong his age. Though physiologists hold some verbal dispute on this point, yet can we hardly define Vitality otherwise than as a force or power, acting through organic structures, and depending upon the integrity of these for its own amount and completeness. While admitting that the power is one which controls, and often seemingly contradicts, the physical laws most familiar to us—that it holds in abeyance, for example, the chemical tendencies of the matter in which it subsists—still we see that matter and organization are necessary to its action, and that by these it is variously and unceasingly altered through every part of individual existence. We are enabled, without any abuse of language, and indeed almost compelled, to speak of vitality as a *quantity*—varying in different individuals by original organization—in each fluctuating continually during life—and reduced to its minimum where life is prolonged into old age. What poetry has described as the blood “in languid eddies loitering into phlegm,” may not be physiologically true; yet it is in some sort sanctioned by the doctrine of a great physiologist as to the especial vitality of this fluid. But if we rather regard vitality as a function of the nervous system, or view it as a mysterious entity of itself, still we must conceive of it as a power generated within the body; connected with all the organic functions; and susceptible of great variation in quantity or degree.

Carrying this view into the practical question how vitality may best be maintained and prolonged into old age, we must look mainly to *four general conditions*, which may be said to include all that is most essential to the fulfilment of this problem. These are, air, as belonging to respiration—

aliment—exercise of the body—and exercise of the mental functions.

The first of these topics, that of the air we breathe, presents more difficulties than might be supposed; owing in no small part to the vague notions and prejudices current on the subject, and which science has hitherto but partially corrected. The contingencies of climate, for instance,—whether hot or cold, wet or dry, equable or variable,—are made the subject of endless commonplaces, unfounded in fact, and often of injurious application. Since the Continent of Europe has been laid open to universal travel, local interests and fashions have tended further to distort the truth; and health is run after, whether from climate or mineral waters, upon the most ignorant plausibilities; and with little regard to other circumstances, which often more than contravene the benefit sought for. The lungs may gain good from a warm atmosphere, but this may be paid for by gastric disorders scarcely less noxious. Heat is too commonly regarded as a panacea for all our bodily ills. In truth, cold has an equally fair title to take its place in the class of remedies; for in many cases where health is inertly loitered away under southern suns, the frame might have gained vigor and vitality among our own northern mountains. A comparison of the registers of mean mortality in these respective localities goes far to sanction this judgment.

But we must not deal with this subject as represented by climate only. The amount and purity of the air we breathe is a question belonging to every place, and of far more interest to the great mass of mankind. We do not here enter into the chemical theory of respiration, or the controversies it has engendered. Whether the ingress of oxygen into the blood, or the extrication of carbon from it, be the main purpose fulfilled—whether, according to Liebig, respiration is a true process of combustion, or whether it may be otherwise interpreted—what concerns us is the fact, that a certain number of cubic inches of air be taken into the lungs at each inspiration, and that this air be of a certain purity, as conditions necessary to the healthy existence and full vitality of the individual being. The imperfect attainment of these conditions throughout the whole, or

a part of life, tends, in the same proportion, to enfeeble the vital power, and to abridge, more or less, the term of existence. The insufficient production and maintenance of this power impairs longevity, not less than its too lavish expenditure in the various abuses and vices of social life.

Hence the vast importance of all that may be done by open air, exercise, ventilation of dwellings, and removal of noxious exhalations, on behalf of this great function of life. These things are better understood than they were, and more is attempted and effected for their attainment. But still much remains to be done. Medical science is called upon to prevent disease, as well as to restore health. We confidently believe that more might be effected to this end, as well for individuals as for communities, were the healthy state of respiration cultivated with the same care which is given to the actions of the stomach and alimentary organs. We doubt not that this function is capable of being restored, improved, and maintained in efficiency, by well-ordered exercises of the lungs; and by due attention to the mechanism of these organs in all that belongs to the habits of life. It may not occur to our readers, and yet it is strictly true, that the familiar conditions of posture of body, speaking, singing, &c., are deeply concerned in this matter; the more so from the very familiarity of every-day use. If forty cubic inches of air taken into the lungs at each inspiration are required for the purposes of their function, and thirty or twenty only are inspired, it is certain that the blood will not be duly changed, and that every organ in the body will suffer more or less by the deficiency. To enlarge the quantity then in such cases is an object of high importance; not sufficiently regarded, we may add, in the medical practice of our day.

On the value to health of the purity of the air we breathe, it is hardly necessary to speak. Free ventilation is here the main agent in our hands, whether we look to the replacement of air despoiled of its oxygen, or to the removal of noxious matters present in it. Our actual knowledge, it must be admitted, does not enable us to exclude altogether those noxious ingredients—some of them doubtless animal or vegetable organisms—which produce epidemic or endemic diseases. Nor can we yet deal with those

equally unknown influences on the body, for good as well as for ill, which depend on electrical states of atmosphere, the formation of ozone, &c. But science is now actively directed to these various objects; and meanwhile we may fairly assume change and freedom of air by ventilation, as the most efficient preventive means in our power.

Looking next to aliment, in its connection with health, and therefore with longevity, we encounter a topic which has been endlessly discussed and written upon, and made the subject of various and perplexing opinions. All this is natural and inevitable. For the subject in question embraces not only what is necessary to human existence, but also what belongs to man's luxury and sensuality; and is, moreover, connected with all those changes of bodily condition, whether healthy or morbid in kind, which are most open to common observation. Including further under the same head those many forms of liquid, from simple water to the strongest alcoholic drinks, which the natural or perverted ingenuity of man has mingled with his aliment, we come upon a new class of effects, of deep interest not only to individuals, but to the welfare of social life.

Vague though it may seem, and commonplace, we can find no more fitting word than *moderation*, to express what is best in diet, in its relation to health and length of life. No specification of the wholesome or unwholesome in food can be of avail for good, unless in subordination, more or less, to this one condition. As in the relation of the lungs to air, so the digestive organs require a certain quantity of food—varying in different individuals, and in the same person at different periods—to maintain the healthy state and sufficiency of the blood, and through them the due action of all the organs of the body. And nature, where unspoiled by vitiated habits, furnishes a rule and measure, which every one, whatever the diversity of temperament, may safely and expediently consult for himself. Here especially, however, men are more prone to be governed by faulty habits and injurious maxims, than to be convinced by reason or instructed by experience. That appetite, for which the old epicure would pay any price, is too much regarded as a condition to be instantly suppressed by food. Even

under disease, when nature resumes her rights, and rejects with loathing the aliment which the stomach has no power to digest, the mischievous zeal of friends comes in, feeding the disorder and not the body, by what they force upon the patient. The catalogue of ills which indigestion directly or indirectly involves—from the early oppression after food, to those later and more various effects, both on body and mind, for which the *hesterna vitia* are responsible,—might seem sufficient to enforce a rule, were they duly recognized in their origin. We may reasonably regret that the term *dyspepsia*, while actually expressing this origin, should in effect throw a classic veil over the simple and certain source whence these ills arise. Common phrases are better suited to common things, and more salutary in their influence.

It has been a question mooted of old, and often revived, whether intemperance in food, or in drinks, is most injurious to health and life. An eminent physician of antiquity, Celsus, pronounces against the former; and if the question be so put as to exclude the wilder forms of inebriety, we may perhaps acquiesce in this opinion. There is some risk, however, in discussing a matter of preference, where both contingencies are so prolific of evil. It is not uncommon to hear instances cited of prolonged life in drunkards, and doubtless such do occur. But they are as certainly exceptional; and fairly subject in each case to the common and obvious explanation, that life would have been longer extended had the habit been otherwise. The drunkard who dies at 70, might well have reached 80, if sober.

But while thus associating moderation of life with length of life, we are bound to add there may be excess even in this laudable direction. A constant and anxious care for existence, and rigid rules of living founded upon this, tend in their own way to curtail what it is sought to prolong. There is some practical truth in the story in the Spectator, of the gentleman who cut short his life by weighing or measuring every article of his food. Of the famous case of Cornaro we have already spoken, as not justifying all that M. Flourens seeks to derive from it, without due regard to those peculiarities of temperament which that autobiography puts before us. The truth we consider to be—and it is

a physiological fact—that whatever leads the mind to give close and minute attention to the stomach and organs of digestion, does more or less embarrass that great function, and impair the nutrition of the body. Temperance must not be made to march in manacles and fetters, or with steps of unbroken uniformity. We degrade the virtue by this manner of using it; and attempt what is impossible under the endless changes incident to the life of man.

It remains for us to speak of exercises of the body, in their reference to longevity. Under the definition of vitality already given, it will be obvious that whatever tends to maintain the organs generally in their healthy state, tends in the same proportion to preserve and prolong life. Exercise is one of the great means to this end. An organ destined to a particular function is best kept in its integrity by the exercise of this function, with a due regard to those progressive and inevitable changes which time brings upon every man. If we take the term exercise in its ordinary sense, as expressing the muscular action of the body, the conclusion is the same—rendered still more explicit by our knowledge of the influence of these actions in maintaining the vigor and equality of the circulation throughout the system; and thereby keeping all the organs in healthy balance and relation to each other. The changes, fitting or necessary, as old age comes on, cannot be measured by years only. The time and the necessity vary for the constitution of every individual; and must be determined for each by a just observation of himself. A wise man will find steps and stages in the descent of life, on which to repose a while; without sudden or entire relinquishment of those bodily habits which, discreetly used, conduce to health and preservation at this period as well as in youth and middle age. The discretion needful is that suggested by experience. Whatever amount of exertion is felt to exhaust the bodily powers, is fitly to be avoided—whatever can be done without such effect is certainly safe, and probable beneficial to health.

A story is current of Lord Mansfield, who himself lived to eighty-nine, that whenever very aged witnesses appeared in the Court over which he so long presided, it was his wont to interrogate them as to their habits of life; and with the result that in no one

habit was there any general concurrence, except in that of *early rising*. Anecdotes of this kind are for the most part either untrue or exaggerated in degree. Early rising is doubtless in many ways favorable to health; but it cannot be taken as a guarantee for longevity. Even were the story in question true, it is more probable that the vigorous vitality in these instances maintained the habit, than that the habit maintained the vitality.

What has just been said about exercises of the body in relation to longevity will, in great measure, apply to the mental functions also. We cannot indeed assume, because facts disprove it, that there is any exact parity between the mind and body in their connection with mere age. The mind may, and often does, retain its faculties little impaired, when vitality, as expressed by the bodily powers, is reduced to the lowest ebb. But let this reduction go further, and they too give way; in obedience to the common law which the Creator has assigned to man on earth. The question before us regards the capacity for prolonging their duration, and the means conducive to this end. And here we come upon the track of a great writer, whose views on the moral and intellectual culture of old age, though somewhat florid in coloring, have always earned the respect due to his name and high philosophy. The doctrine of Cicero is that the faculties of the mind in old age are best maintained by their exercise. "*Manent ingenia senibus, modo permaneat studium et industria.*" In this doctrine, and on the same grounds just asserted as to the preservation of the bodily powers, we are disposed fully to acquiesce. Every intellectual faculty is dulled and diminished by want of use,—each one is maintained in vigor, if not improved, by its fitting and temperate employment. This maxim, true generally to every time of life, requires no other modification for old age, than the simple one of additional care that there be no habitual excess. Vitality is weakened or exhausted by intemperance of mind as well as of body; and in old age is less easily repaired. The brain, that organ which comes in such close and mysterious relation to the mental functions, more especially needs this forbearance in advanced life. At this period it readily becomes the subject of disordered action or disease, from

any excess of use, even of the intellectual powers;—yet much more, from any intemperance or disorder of the moral emotions. Quietude and forbearance form the right rule in our hands—not premature disuse and abandonment of the faculties committed to us; which beyond doubt are better preserved by their exercise within the limits we have denoted.

Here again we have the authority of Cicero to refer to, and willingly adopt it. He gives us various instances of the exercise and preservation of the mental faculties to an extreme age; and such examples, in truth, are familiar at every period, and to the individual knowledge of us all. We might cite many in our own knowledge. But a few years ago, three eminent men passed from among us here, each verging on 90, closely associated in friendship and habits of social life; and all possessing unclouded intellects, generous and enlightened feelings, and a lively interest in the events, public and private, passing around them. Those who had the good fortune to know these men may probably recognize them, even under this brief description. For the most part, it must be admitted, such cases as these are connected with a sound bodily organization, concurrently preserved. But this, as we have already stated, is by no means uniformly the case. The disproportion of the two powers makes itself known to us in numberless instances. From the "Souls that can scarce ferment their mass of clay,"

to that elsewhere described by the same great poet:

"A fiery soul that working out its way,
Fretted the pigmy body to decay,
And o'er informed the tenement of clay,"—

we have every grade of relation between these separate faculties, which in their mysterious conjunction make up the nature of man. No more curious, but no more difficult part, of human physiology than that of determining these relations, and the conditions which influence and alter them. Here it is that disease often serves us as the best interpreter, by detaching and insulating, as it were, different functions, which in health are so closely associated as to escape all division or definition.

The Memory is undoubtedly the mental faculty which is first and most obviously af-

fected by old age. This wonderful intermedium between body and mind, varying so greatly in different individuals, and so strangely capricious in the same individual from the accidents of the day or hour, would seem to partake more of mere mechanism than any other of the intellectual powers. It undergoes changes more explicitly from physical causes; and both its excellences and defects are marked by peculiarities which appear to belong to conditions of organic kind. The anomalies of memory in advanced life are familiar to every one; especially so the facts of the early forgetfulness of names, and the frequent retention of things long past; while recent events flit away, like shadows, leaving scarcely a trace behind. Or, more strangely still (though never perhaps without some morbid changes of brain), the obliteration of certain classes of events, or certain subjects of memory, as if by a sort of mechanical separation from every thing else abiding in this mysterious receptacle.

The importance of preserving memory in its integrity, as long and as far as it can be done, will probably be admitted. Some may urge that an oblivion of things past is the best security for a tranquil old age. But this virtually reduces man to a mere moiety of existence; and the same reasoning might be used to prove that utter imbecility of mind is a blessing in this latter stage of life. Such imbecility, from natural causes, often occurs; but we have no title to consider it a good, or to neglect any means which may obviate or retard it. We will not venture to say that these means are many or certain. As regards memory in particular, all that can be done at this period of life is to aid in giving it the direction which circumstances make desirable, and to spare it those painful efforts at recollection which seem to weaken the very faculty they exercise. The latter remark we believe to be of valuable application to other periods, long antecedent to old age; but especially perhaps to that time when the faculty is first felt to decline in clearness and power. Recollection—that is, the effort of the will to combine or extricate what is laid up in the memory—cannot be carried beyond a certain point without begetting a certain confusion of mind, hurtful to the faculty itself, and probably to others also. The consciousness of every one will give proof as to these occurrences; and at the

time, if duly consulted, afford warning to avoid them.

We cannot close this article without briefly adverting to that question, which at every period has been so variously agitated,—whether longevity is desirable, or not? A momentous inquiry; indeed, if it really admitted of any determinate answer. But none such can be given. The conditions are far too numerous and complex to warrant any general conclusions; and even in individual cases, and with direct appeal to those concerned in the question, the difficulties are hardly overcome. The feelings of one moment change at the next. Even where their expression can be implicitly relied upon, longevity itself is a vague term; and rendered more so by the various contingencies of health and power preserved, which alone can give just measure of life, or of the capacity to enjoy it. The old man of 80, and he of 100, may be on a par as to those conditions upon which we found our only valid estimate for each.

We must then receive with some allowance those writings, eloquent though they may be, in which the cause of old age, as such, is pleaded boldly before us. Here the name and authority of Cicero again come into view. Though we are unable, with Montaigne, to say of his treatise ‘*De Senectute*,’ ‘*il donne l’appétit de vieillir*,’ we can well admire the fervor with which he maintains his thesis, and the happy ingenuity of his argument. Nor can we grudge him his eloquent abstraction of what old age *might* be; while admitting that, however rare and difficult their full attainment, the objects and methods he indicates are all fitted to give honor, tranquillity, and usefulness to the latter stages of life. Add to these the religious confidence and consolation, which Cicero could only vaguely, if at all, proffer, and we have a summary of all that is in man’s power towards the attainment of that great end, a happy and venerated old age.

But, to reach this end, the preparation must be begun long before. Without infringing too far on the style of the pulpit, we may point out the main fact, that the habits, feelings, and interests of earlier life are all carried forwards into old age, and often intensified in degree, by the removal of the circumstances which before occurred to temper or restrain them. ‘*On ne jette point*

l'ancre dans le fleuve de la vie," is the happy phrase of an old French writer for that continuity of life, by which all its parts are linked together, and the young man, in his intellectual, moral, and physical habits, becomes the interpreter, more or less, of what follows in his after-age. When Lord Bacon says, with his wonted weight of words, "Strength of nature in youth passeth over many excesses, which are owing a man till he is old," he expresses a physical as well as a moral fact, which cannot be too well weighed in the education and conduct of early life. It is a maxim full of practical wisdom.

We have already alluded to the various sentiments with which old age, and approaching end, are regarded by the aged themselves. In many of them the desire to pass away, and this even without the solicitation of active pain or suffering, is equally earnest and sincere. It is with them as with "Tre vecchi" in the Purgatorio of Dante:

"E par lor tardi
Che Dio in miglior vita li ripogna."

Individual temperament is partly concerned in producing this weariness of protracted life; but other causes also come into operation to which we have not space to advert. There is one fact, however, which we may briefly notice, inasmuch as it seems a providential dispensation to the latter stages of human life; and we do so, by borrowing a

few lines, which succinctly but clearly express the circumstance to which we allude:

"No previous reason or feeling, no judgment of vigorous health, can afford a right estimate of the relation the mind assumes to death in the latter hours of life, even where little impairment of its faculties has occurred. This is especially true where long and painful sickness has been the prelude to the event. But the exhaustion even from acute pain of short continuance alters this relation; and even without sickness or suffering of any kind, the mere diminution of vital power by general decay produces the same effect. The earnestness to live abates, as the possession of life, from whatever cause, is gradually withdrawn."

This, we think, will be recognized as true by those who have been observant of these things; and witnessed the changes which gradually supervene on the feelings, as the physical conditions of vitality abate in power, and action subsides into repose. We willingly close these observations at this point. If unable to assent to the doctrine of M. Fleurens that a century is the natural term of human longevity, we thoroughly agree with him that individual habits may be made to contribute much to the healthy prolongation of life; and we can affirm with assurance that these habits are such as best accord with the happiness, dignity, and higher destinies of our species.

THE SUNKEN RUSSIAN FLEET.—Of all the 70 vessels that were scuttled or sunk in the harbor of Sebastopol between September, 1854, and February, 1855, there have been only one steamer, the Chersonese, and a few transports, raised. The result of the examination to which the others have been subjected by divers, shows them to be not worth much expense being bestowed upon them. The ships of the line, which were sunk at the entrance of the harbor, had already been ten years afloat, and have now been imbedded in the sands there for two winters, so that they certainly cannot be worth much. The liners, Paris, Grossfurst, Constantine, Maria, and Tschesma, are lying on their beam ends, and have been much injured by the furching over of the guns, the ballast, and other ponderous articles; the Chrabry, Kullewtschy, and the steamers Vladimir, Bessarabia, Gromonesetz, Odessa, Krimea, and Turok, are described as standing upright on their keels, and it is proposed to lift these by means of the Chersonese

and the transports. As regards those steamers which were among the vessels that were last sunk, considerable hopes are entertained that they may be brought into service again. The parties who have undertaken the recovery of these wrecks from the bottom of the harbor, are to be paid for their trouble and outlay with one half the estimated value of all objects recovered, a remuneration that is thought to be in all probability very inadequate to the expenses. The method proposed is to fasten on the sides of the vessel to be raised, sacks, made air-tight with tar or gutta serena; in the case of a ship of the line, it is calculated that 2000 of these sacks must be used containing 50,000 cubic feet of air. Whether the scuttled vessels can ever be used or not, it seems to be decided that they must be lifted, and not blown to pieces, inasmuch as by the latter process the roads would be encumbered with a vast number of chains, guns, anchors, and other heavy bodies, which would forever after obstruct the anchorage very much.

From The Examiner.

A Journey through Texas; or a Winter of Saddle and Camp Life on the Border Country of the United States and Mexico. By Frederick Law Olmsted, author of "A Journey in the Seaboard Slave States," &c. Sampson Low, Son, and Co.

MR. OLMSTED is not only writing pleasant books of travel, but doing wholesome work by the fidelity with which he depicts in them the state of agriculture where slaves are the cultivators of the soil, and the state of society where they are only domestic servants. In the present volume the rough notes of Mr. Olmsted's journey are put together by a brother who was his companion, and who has of course had license freely to add recollections of his own; but the two brothers write with a single spirit. They describe slavery as an institution that spreads as a blight over the industry of the States in which it is maintained, and describe it in this work simply by recording what they heard and saw while travelling in a region into which slavery has not very long been introduced. Already the soil shows signs of exhaustion:

"You may think it too soon to form a judgment of any value upon the prosperity of Texas, as measured by the other criterion I proposed—namely, 'the completeness with which the opportunity for profitable labor is retained.' But what do you say to the fact that, in the eastern counties, that spectacle so familiar and so melancholy in your own State, in all the older Slave States, is already not unfrequently seen by the traveller—an abandoned plantation of 'worn-out' fields, with its little village of dwellings, now a home only for wolves and vultures? This but indicates a large class of observations, by which I hold myself justified in asserting that the natural elements of wealth in the soil of Texas will have been more exhausted in ten years, and with them the rewards offered by Providence to labor will have been more lessened than, without slavery, would have been the case in two hundred. Do not think that I use round numbers carelessly. After two hundred years' occupation of similar soils by a free-laboring community, I have seen no such evidences of waste as, in Texas, I have after ten years of slavery. And indications of the same kind I have observed, not isolated, but general, in every slave State but two—which I have seen only in parts yet scarcely at all settled. Moreover, I have seen similar phenomena follow-

ing slavery in other countries and in other climates."

Texas was a popular place of settlement about a quarter of a century ago among men who were outlaws from civilized society. If a rogue happened to be missing from his usual haunts, he was said to be G. T. T.—Gone to Texas. Among the settlers of 1831, any claim to have had an honest character in the old States was matter for scorn in the new. These men worked out a fresh condition of life for themselves and their descendants; but among even the wealthiest of Texan planters in the present day, civilization has not struck very deep root. Take, for example, this sketch of a planter's household:

"We stopped one night at the house of a planter, now twenty years settled in Eastern Texas. He was a man of some education and natural intelligence, and had, he told us, an income, from the labor of his slaves, of some 4,000 dollars. His residence was one of the largest houses we had seen in Texas. It had a second story, two wings, and a long gallery. Its windows had been once glazed, but now, out of eighty panes that originally filled the lower windows, thirty only remained unbroken. Not a door in the house had been ever furnished with a latch or even a string; when they were closed, it was necessary to *claw* or to ask some one inside to push open. (Yet we happened to hear a neighbor expressing serious admiration of the way these doors fitted.) The furniture was of the rudest description.

"One of the family had just had a hemorrhage of the lungs; while we were at supper, this person sat between the big fireplace and an open outside door, having a window, too, at his side, in which only three panes remained. A norther was blowing, and ice forming upon the gallery outside. Next day, at breakfast, the invalid was unable to appear, on account of a 'bad turn.'

"On our supper-table was nothing else than the eternal fry, pone, and coffee. Butter, of dreadful odor, was here added by exception. Wheat flour they never used. It was 'too much trouble.'

"We were waited upon by two negro girls, dressed in short-waisted, twilled-cotton gowns, once white, now looking as though they had been drawn through a stove-pipe in spring. The water for the family was brought in tubs upon the heads of these two girls, from a creek, a quarter

of a mile distant, this occupation filling nearly all their time.

"This gentleman had thirty or forty negroes, and two legitimate sons. One was an idle young man; the other was already, at eight years old, a swearing, tobacco-chewing young bully and ruffian. We heard him whipping his puppy behind the house, and swearing between the blows, his father and mother being at hand. His tone was an evident imitation of his father's mode of dealing with his slaves.

"I've got an account to settle with you; I've let you go about long enough; I'll teach you who's your master; there, go now, God damn you, but I hav'n't got through with you yet."

"You stop that cursing," said his father, at length; "it isn't right for little boys to curse."

"What do you do when you get mad?" replied the boy; "reckon you cuss some; so now you'd better shut up."

"We repeatedly heard men curse white women and children in this style, without the least provocation."

That is, no doubt, an account of life as it is met with in the country. Town life, however, is but little more refined. We quote part of Mr. Olmsted's sketch of his experience in Austin, the chief town of Texas.

"Austin has a fine situation upon the left bank of the Colorado. Had it not been the capital of the State, and a sort of bourne to which we had looked forward for a temporary rest, it would still have struck us as the pleasantest place we had seen in Texas. It reminds one somewhat of Washington; Washington, *en petit*, seen through a reversed glass. The Capitol—a really imposing building of soft cream limestone, nearly completed at the time of our visit, and already occupied—stands prominent upon a hill, towards which nearly all the town rises. From it a broad avenue stretches to the river, lined by the principal buildings and stores. These are of various materials and styles, from quarried stone to the logs of the first settlers. Off the avenue are scattered cottages and one or two pretty dwellings. They are altogether smaller in number and meaner in appearance than a stranger would anticipate. The capital was fixed, in fact, upon a thinly-settled frontier, at a point the speculative, rather than the actual, centre of the State. There is one little church, with a pretty German turret, another of stone is in process of erection, and a governor's mansion is to be built. There is a very remarkable number of drinking and gambling shops, but not one book-store. A

druggist, who keeps a small stock of books, sold us, at one dollar, giving his word that its cost was seventy-five cents to himself, a copy of 'Eagle Pass' (one of Putnam's Semi-Monthly Library), the price of which, elsewhere, is forty cents. The population, at the census of 1850, was 629; the estimate, when we were there, 3,000; a large one, we thought. The country around the town is rolling and picturesque, with many agreeable views of distant hills and a pleasant sprinkling of wood over prairie slopes.

"We had reckoned upon getting some change of diet when we reached the capital of the State, and upon having good materials not utterly spoiled, by carelessness, ignorance, or nastiness, in cooking. We reckoned without our host.

"We arrived in a norther, and were shown, at the hotel to which we had been recommended, into an exceedingly dirty room, in which two of us slept with another gentleman, who informed us that it was the best room in the house. The outside door, opening upon the ground, had no latch, and during the night it was blown open by the norther, and after we had made two ineffectual attempts to barricade it, was kept open till morning. Before daylight a boy came in and threw down an armful of wood by the fire-place. He appeared again, an hour or two afterwards, and made a fire. When the breakfast-bell rung, we all turned out in haste, though our boots were gone and there was no water. At this moment, as we were reluctantly pulling on our clothing, a negro woman burst into the room, leaving the door open, and laid a towel on the wash-table. 'Here!' we cried, as she ran to the door again; 'bring us some water, and have our boots brought back.' She stood half outside the door, and shaking her finger at us in a wierd manner, replied: 'Haan't got no time, master—got fires to make, and ebery ting;' and she vanished.

"When finally we got to breakfast, and had offered us—but I will not again mention the three articles—only the 'fry' had been changed for the worse before it was fried—we naturally began to talk of changing our quarters and trying another of the hotels. Then up spoke a dark, sad man at our side—'You can't do better than stay here; I have tried both the others, and I came here yesterday because the one I was at was *too dirty*!' And the man said this, with that leopard-skin pattern of a table-cloth before him, with those grimy tools in his hands, and with the hostler in his frock, smelling strongly of the stable, just handing him the (No. 3). Never did we see any wholesome food on that table. It was a succession of burnt flesh of swine and bulls, decaying

vegetables, and sour and mouldy farinaceous glues, all pervaded with rancid butter. After a few days, we got a private room, and then, buying wheat bread of a German baker, and other provisions of grocers, cooked what was necessary for ourselves, thus really coming back to caravansarism."

The first shoot from the seed of slavery is indolence. The master ceases to work energetically for himself, the slave cannot work energetically because it is not for himself he works. Time is of no value to him, and he cares not how it may be wasted. Such energy as Texan freemen show, a sharp wind is enough to chill out of them:

"We slept in a large upper room, in a company of five, with a broken window at the head of our bed, and another at our side, offering a short cut to the norther across our heads.

"We were greatly amused to see one of our bed-room companions gravely spit in the candle before jumping into bed, explaining to some one who made a remark, that he always did so, it gave him time to see what he was about before it went out.

"The next morning the ground was covered with sleet, and the gale still continued (a pretty steady close-reefing breeze) during the day.

"We wished to have a horse shod. The blacksmith, who was a white man, we found in his shop, cleaning a fowling-piece. It was too d—d cold to work, he said, and he was going to shoot some geese; he at length, at our urgent request, consented to earn a dollar; but, after getting on his apron, he found that we had lost a shoe, and took it off again, refusing to make a shoe while this d—d norther lasted, for any man. As he had no shoes ready made, he absolutely turned us out of the shop, and obliged us to go seventy-five miles further, a great part of the way over a pebbly road, by which the beast lost three shoes before he could be shod.

"This respect for the norther is by no means singular here. The publication of the week's newspaper in Bastrop was interrupted by the norther, the editor mentioning, as a sufficient reason for the irregularity, the fact that his printing-office was in the north part of the house."

Yet there is nothing in the climate to compel indolence; there are a half-a-dozen climates, and some of the most delightful in the world, among the highlands and the lowlands of a State as large as France and England put together. That it is possible

for Texan settlers to secure many of the comforts of civilized life, if they desire them, is shown by the condition of the five and thirty thousand German settlers—no better as to their origin than the Americans—who without slave-holding live among slave-holders. Mr. Olmsted, after experiences like those which have been suggested by preceding extracts, comes among the Germans of New Braunfels, and thus describes the wonders of his inn:

"I never in my life, except perhaps in awakening from a dream, met with such a sudden and complete transfer of associations. Instead of loose boarded or hewn log walls, with crevices stuffed with rags or daubed with mortar, which we have been accustomed to see during the last month, or staving in a door, where we have found any to open; instead, even, of four bare, cheerless sides of whitewashed plaster, which we have found twice or thrice only in a more aristocratic residence, we were—in short, we were in Germany.

"There was nothing wanting, there was nothing too much, for one of those delightful little inns which the pedestrian who has tramped through the Rhine-land will ever remember gratefully. A long room, extending across the whole front of the cottage, the walls pink, with stencilled panels, and scroll ornaments in crimson, and with neatly-framed and glazed pretty lithographic prints hanging on all sides; a long, thick, dark oak table, with rounded ends, oak benches at its sides; chiselled oak chairs; a sofa, covered with cheap pink calico, with a small vine pattern; a stove in the corner; a little mahogany cupboard in another corner, with pitcher and glasses upon it; a smoky atmosphere; and finally, four thick-bearded men, from whom the smoke proceeds, who all bow and say 'Good-morning,' as we lift our hats in the doorway.

"The landlady enters; she does not really understand us, and one of the smokers rises immediately to assist us. Dinner we shall have immediately, and she spreads the white cloth at an end of the table, before she leaves the room, and in two minutes' time, by which we have got off our coats and warmed our hands at the stove, we are asked to sit down. An excellent soup is set before us, and in succession there follow two courses of meat, neither of them pork, and neither of them fried, two dishes of vegetables, salad, compote of peaches, coffee with milk, wheat bread from the loaf, and beautiful and sweet butter—not only such butter as I have never tasted south of the Potomac before, but such as I have been told a hundred

times it was impossible to make in a southern climate. What is the secret? I suppose it is extreme cleanliness, beginning far back of where cleanliness usually begins at the south, and careful and thorough *working*.

"We then spent an hour in conversation with the gentlemen who were in the room. They were all educated, cultivated, well-bred, respectful, kind, and affable men. All were natives of Germany, and had been living several years in Texas. Some of them were travellers, their homes being in other German settlements; some of them had resided long at Braunfels.

"It was so very agreeable to meet such men again, and the account they gave of the Germans in Texas was so interesting and gratifying, that we were unwilling to immediately continue our journey. We went out to look at our horses: a man in cap and jacket was rubbing their legs—the first time they had received such attention in Texas, except from ourselves, or by special and costly arrangement with a negro. They were pushing their noses into racks filled with fine mesquit hay—the first they had had in Texas. They seemed to look at us imploringly. We ought to spend the night. But there is evidently no sleeping-room for us in the little inn. They must be full. But then we could sleep with more comfort on the floor here, probably, than we have been accustomed to of late. We concluded to ask if they could accommodate us for the night. Yes, with pleasure—would we be pleased to look at the room they could

afford us? Doubtless in the cockloft. No, it was in another little cottage in the rear. A little room it proved, with blue walls again, and oak furniture; two beds, one of them would be for each of us—the first time we had been offered the luxury of sleeping alone in Texas; two large windows with curtains, and evergreen roses trained over them on the outside—not a pane of glass missing or broken—the first sleeping-room we have had in Texas where this was the case; a sofa; a bureau, on which were a complete set of the *Conversations Lexicon*; Kendall's *Santa Fé Expedition*; a statuette in porcelain; plants in pots; a brass study lamp; a large ewer and basin for washing, and a couple of towels of thick stuff, full a yard and a quarter long. O yes, it will do for us admirably; we will spend the night."

Thus great is the natural contrast in condition between men who do and men who are done for, between the working of the principles of free industry and slave labor, in the case of men who settle upon the same soil under social conditions only different in as far as they are less favorable to the free settler than to the maintainer of slaves. The full account of the German colonists, which thus comes to be set in the midst of the story of the Texan planters, adds much to the force of Mr. Olmsted's way of producing the evidence of Texas against slavery.

A NEW edition of Bacon's Essays, by Mr. Singer, is distinguished by the addition of Sir Arthur Gorge's translation of the "Wisdom of the Ancients," made under Bacon's superintendence,—a work which, whatever we may think of the author's interpretation of ancient classical myths and fables, has the same pregnant and practical wisdom as the Essays themselves. The prefatorial matter is chiefly bibliographical; Mr. Singer has added references to the quotations, and useful foot-notes. The book is printed in a style appropriate to the age of its original production.—*Spectator*.

PREPARATION OF ALIZARINE INK.—Mr. Leonhardi has obtained a patent in Hanover for this ink. It is prepared by digesting 24 parts of Aleppo galls and 8 parts of Dutch madder with 120 parts of warm water. The liquid is filtered and mixed with 1.2 parts solution of indigo, 5.2 sulphate of iron, and 2 parts crude acetate of iron solution. The advantages of this ink are, that—

1. It does not contain gum.
2. The tannate of iron is prevented from separating by the sulphate of indigo.

3. Mouldiness is prevented by this addition, and by the acetate of iron.

David King of Israel.—By the Reverend William Garden Blackie.

THE subject of this volume is a biography of David, expanded by comment, historical, religious, and in some sense controversial. In the latter point of view, the King of Israel is considered in reference to his historical and religious position as regards the past and future of the Scriptural dispensation, and some comparison instituted between David and Christ. The public features of the King's career are examined for the political or moral lessons they furnish; and his private conduct is not overlooked, especially the great blot of his life. Although his story is fully told, yet commentary rather than narrative is the characteristic of the composition. This places the work in the catalogue of sermons, each chapter forming a discourse on some point more or less connected with the career of David. The style is of the platform, with some of its force, but with too much of its iteration.—*Spectator*.

From The Christian Remembrancer.

Bothwell: a Poem. By W. Edmondstone Aytoun, D. C. L., Author of "Lays of the Scottish Cavaliers." Edinburgh: Blackwood.

SIR WALTER SCOTT, we are told, declined to write the Life of Mary Queen of Scots, because his feelings on the history of that period were at war with his convictions. It is no light credit to a man of so ardent a nature that, under such circumstances, he allowed his convictions fair play. It is easy to understand why his feelings were engaged on Mary's side. Her beauty and her misfortunes touched him as a man; as a Scottish queen, and the last of Scottish sovereigns—for so we must regard her—she appealed to his loyal nationality; as the last representative and impersonation of the romantic age, she entranced his fancy; as faithful to the old religion against her worldly interest, she engaged his sympathy; as the object of attack of a sour, bigoted Presbyterianism, she won his pity. All his tastes, all his prepossessions, all his prejudices were on her side. But his was essentially an honest mind; he submitted himself to the truth wherever it might lead him. Strong as were his prejudices, facts had weight with him; he did not seek to tamper with history, because he would have liked things to have gone otherwise; he did not despise all the laws of evidence, because they told against the cause that his taste preferred. He was capable of conviction, where conviction hurt and wounded the romance of his nature. Could he otherwise have been the great poet that he was, if he had not revered truth above all things—if he had not believed in its power—if he had not loved its light? For this large and open susceptibility to the truth is an intellectual as well as a moral quality. Nature does not reveal her secrets to a narrow mind or a short ken,—to a warped intelligence that will own nothing good but on the side itself has chosen,—that has so little true faith in what it believes the right that it dare not face open and fair inquiry. That insight into character or nature, whether of things animate or inanimate, which is essential to the poet, necessitates a certain candor and fairness in judging. Nothing can be so sacred to him as the truth. Imagination only helps him to see it as it really is, with more vivid dis-

tinotness than is granted to common persons. When this faculty assists him to body forth the actions and deeds of men of whom history gives but the outline, there is no wanton exercise of invention. He does not tell us what he wishes them to have spoken, but what he believes they did speak,—what, given the character and the circumstances, they must have spoken and done;—in a grander and more heroic style, it is true, than is used by ordinary humanity, but in feeling and succession of ideas essentially the same. He can no more go against his persuasion of the probable, than he can misreport an actual conversation; and this conviction is as potent sometimes as the divine spell upon Balaam, constraining him to be fair, and to do justice against his prejudices, as in the case of Scott himself, who beforehand announced that he was going to show up the Covenanters in grand style; but when he took the pen in hand to write "Old Mortality," what zeal, what hearty conviction, what self-sacrifice he gives them credit for! How frank and full is his justice! how his heart realizes their sorrows, though often the inevitable consequences of their errors or misdeeds! With what pure pathos, in the picture of the blind widow bereaved of her children, does he compel all his readers to sympathize with them! Of course, we do not mean that he or any other great dramatic historian is not at all influenced by his principles in his portrait of friend or foe; but he never shapes his historic characters to his theory. He realizes them so clearly that it would be a breach of the Ninth Commandment to make them say and do bad things they would not have said or done; and we believe that both he and Shakspeare might now hold dialogues with the illustrious dead to whom their genius has given a second life on earth, and say, in all truth, that they never, for a purpose, or to maintain a cause, drew them worse men than they believed them to be. If they have erred towards any, as all human beings must err, they may plead infirmity of judgment, never wilful misrepresentation.

It is in human nature to take a side on every great question,—for every great question is one of principle, and appeals to some strong actuating sentiment of our constitution; as, for example, the cause of faith and

loyalty supremely affects some minds; others are stirred most by all that concerns the innate rights of man; and where these seem to clash, two sides will be formed. To have no bias on such points, practically proves indifference, not impartiality. But ranking oneself on a side is not partisanship; and in this distinction lies the mighty difference in the mode in which men hold their principles, and act in the arenas in which these principles are carried out in action. A perfectly honest, candid mind holds its influential convictions, because it believes them to be essential parts and main pillars of the truth. Principles so held may even assume an undue preponderance over other truths, without disturbing honesty of character, because they are clung to and exalted from pure sympathy and admiration for their innate beauty and elevating power.

The most disinterested partisan holds his principles from the outset on a wholly different tenure. His passions are more engaged than his reason. Finding certain opinions in accordance with his temperament and natural way of viewing things, his belief in their abstract truth is only one out of many motives for his adherence to them; and this admitting double motives—this putting the question of their truth in a second rank to their pleasantness or congeniality—necessarily diminishes true faith in them. It is not with him the calm, confident, "My principles are true, and the more searching the light thrown upon them, the more their truth will shine forth;" but "They *shall* and *must* be true, or certain personally disagreeable or painful consequences will be the result." He will not view them in the abstract, and thus give himself the opportunity of calm judgment. They interest and excite him only as acted out by the stormy passions and erring instincts of masses of men, which give him something tangible to love and hate. They affect him in proportion to their bearing upon himself, his prejudices, prepossessions, likes and dislikes. He identifies them with himself, and makes them a merely personal matter; and thus constituting it a selfish question, he loses the power to analyze, weigh, and investigate. He is afraid of all such processes; he dare make no admissions; every concession threatens danger to his whole fabric. An indiscriminate defence

of every professed ally, a general attack on every seeming opponent, a flat denial of every unwelcome fact,—these are his weapons of defence and of active warfare. He has no settled standard. With him, actions change their nature according to the party that performs them, and the same words are good, or bad, or indifferent, as they are spoken by friend or foe; while an amount of evidence which is overwhelming on one side, is not allowed a feather's weight on the other. We presume the most distinguished and conspicuous partisan of our own times—the man who throws a halo over the title, whom all will acknowledge at once as the representative and fair example of this class—is Mr. Macaulay. He is a credit to partisanship as a stimulant of the intellect. Half his spirit and brilliancy are due to his absolute adoption, not of a side, but of a party. His gift at eulogy and vituperation proceeds from the same source,—that power, heightened by practice into an instinct, of seeing only good in his friends, only bad in those whose principles are opposed to his own. We are not now, however, concerned with Mr. Macaulay, but with a political opponent of his, a partisan (as we must pronounce him on the evidence of the present work) of wholly opposite principles, who also chooses history for his field, and who is more fortunate than Sir Walter Scott in having been able to reconcile facts with his feelings in the particular page of history where the earlier poet found them irreconcilable.

Such questions may seem rather a singular introduction to the discussion of a poem; but if Professor Aytoun's "Bothwell" becomes popular, we wish to express our decided opinion that it can only be on historical grounds, as an apology for Mary. The verse, through more than two hundred pages, runs in such a flat level of mere propriety, that the work could not gain attention on its poetical merits. But, as a view, by a distinguished man, of a most interesting period of history, it may well excite curiosity. All the young and romantic are pleased to have Mary's innocence asserted. There was a time when we should cordially have thanked any person who could have made it irrefragably clear to ourselves; and when we a good deal resented the hints and suspicions which Scott's conscience com-

pelled him to infuse, here and there, in "The Abbot," to the grievous detriment of his charming portrait of the imprisoned queen. That enchantress had the good fortune, not only to possess in her own person unbounded attractions, but to have these fair externals set off in the most fascinating light by the forbidding qualities of her opponents. Half her adherents are such because they hate Knox and his doings. She profits as much by men's antipathies as by their sympathies. We do not doubt, therefore, that there will be a fair supply of readers ready to think the very best their taste will allow them to do of this poem, and of all the assertions and new views of history it contains. Ordinary readers of books are very willing to leave the onus of proof to the writers of them; and, if the result satisfies, they willingly give them credit for research. They will not, therefore, believe it likely that any one, especially a person of name, would now write about Mary, without having carefully gone into all the evidence accumulating from that time to the present, all the revelations of living witnesses while they existed, and of State papers which have been lately brought to light. If, after all this study, Professor Aytoun can really think Mary absolutely blameless—can write, "She was in purity a saint"—surely his readers may repose in his convictions. They will not suspect him of confining his reading to her apologists and admirers, such as Chalmers, Whittaker, Goodall, Lingard, and, lastly, Miss Strickland;—they will take for granted that he has also the old writers at his fingers' ends, —Roberston, Hume, Laing, Sharon Turner, Hallam, W. Tytler, winding up with her recent historian, Mignet. The latest writer on the subject on which so much has been written, they will willingly believe to be the best informed, and feel proportionate confidence in the deliberate statement of his Preface:

"I wish it to be distinctly understood, that, except in minor and immaterial matters, necessary for the construction of a poem of this length, I have not deviated from what I consider to be the historical truth."

And to do Mary justice, her most thorough-going defenders are her latest ones,—Miss Strickland and Professor Aytoun. All

her former apologists have been obliged to grant something to her accusers; they have not been able to get over some perverse hitch or difficulty in her strange career, in spite of all their ingenuity; but these champions do not think their work done till they have cleared her of every stain, rebutted indignantly every statement to her disadvantage as malignant slander, and set her up pure and absolutely innocent for our admiration. But, what is the result? She absolutely loses all her interest in the process: for such a Mary as they present to us, no person of her own day, or ours, could care one straw:

What is it that charms in the Mary of romance? A union of beauty, grace, dignity, sweetness, and gayety, with wit, courage, spirit, energy, and intellect. We do not deny her any one of these qualities,—we believe that she possessed them all in a high degree; but a creature so highly gifted cannot be the mere tame, helpless, resourceless victim of circumstances they are compelled to represent her; a mere straw in the eddy of events, incapable of an effort or a struggle; totally without insight into the character of those that surround her, a ready tool in their hands, unconsciously working out their wicked designs.

The view of Mary presented to us in Bothwell opens with her marriage with Darnley; on her side one of purest love; though he is described as "imbecile and thoroughly vicious,"—"in every sense a fool." Then comes the murder of Rizzio, described in detail, in which the whole weight of obloquy is thrown on Darnley, without the one extenuation of jealousy. We could excuse Mary if she had never loved such a husband again, after such an outrage; but we are assured that,

"In her secret heart,
Queen Mary loved him still."

"He was the father of her child,
And so to her was dear."

Affection with her, however, did not sharpen the faculties. When his enemies conceived the idea of his divorce, as the Professor says—of his murder, as history tells us—and communicated with her on the subject, "she would not deign to hear." But, in spite of this hint and the experience she might have learnt from the Rizzio affair, her suspicions were so little roused that she par-

doned Rizzio's assassins just at the nick of time when they were needed for this second crime—"an act of singular clemency," we are gravely informed in the notes, "a political blunder, but no doubt an amiable one." At this same nick of time, her feelings toward her husband, which have been cold enough in all outward manifestation, suddenly warm into an excess of affection. With a woman's tenderness she coaxes and pets him, leading him, as ill luck would have it, to the very spot his enemies had fixed on for his destruction. Here her deportment is thus pathetically described:

"How she endured him, after all
His foulness and his insolence,
Puzzles my mind—but let it fall!
God gave to woman gentler sense
And sweeter temper than to man;
And she will bear, like penitence,
A load that makes the other ban.
Saint-like she tarried by his side,
And soothed his torment day by day;
And though her grief she could not hide,
No anger did her look betray.
Now, in the midst of mirth and song,
Her loving nature did not yield,
And every moment seemed too long
That kept her from the Kirk-of-Field.
Early she gave the wonted sign
In token that the feast was done;
Her place was then by Darnley's bed,
Till the late revelry begun,
And I, like her, had reckoned time,
And might not longer tarry there;
For the wild impulse to a crime
Hath all the urgency of despair.
I knew her errand, and my own!
I knew them both but far too well—
Hers was the thorny path to heaven,
And mine the road that ends in hell!"

Pp. 85, 86.

While thus unwillingly, the tear in her eye and sorrow in her heart, she presides at the mask at Sebastian's bridal, Darnley is blown up. Bothwell can answer for the "burst of grief" that ensued; for we, who read history, know that he was very early admitted to witness it.

Within a fortnight after this event, starting to most wives, she is "shooting at the butts" with the suspected murderer; and this indifference to general rumor we are to suppose an amiable trait of guilelessness. It is true the whole nation denounced Bothwell as the murderer of her husband, but they also suspected her; and, strong in her own innocence, she could believe nothing against so faithful and loyal a servant.

An extract will both show Mr. Aytoun's line and afford an average specimen, which it is time to give, of his verse in its monotonous and surely most prosaic flow. It is Bothwell who speaks:

"They said she did not mourn him long—
What cause had she to mourn at all?
His life had been a course of wrong,
A hideous shadow on her wall.
"Why mourn? Because the man was dead
Who brought his ruffians to her room,
And held her struggling, while they shed
The life-blood of her favorite groom—
Who trafficked with her darkest foes,
Heaped insult on her and despite,
Fled from the Court to herd with those
Whose baseness was his foul delight?
Why, I have heard old Knox protest
Men should not mourn for those they love,
Since earthly mourning is, at best,
Defiance to the will above.
He cited David, who arose
And washed his face and tasted bread,—
Things he omitted, in his woes,
Until he knew his child was dead.
And so, because in quietness
Her secret soul she did possess,
Because she did not feign despair,
Nor beat her breast nor rend her hair,
Nor give superfluous sorrow breath—
Because no vain and false parade
Or frantic show of grief was made,
They taxed her with her husband's death!
"Ha, ha! Their folly was my shield,
A buckler between me and shame;
For what belief could Mary yield
To felons who abused her name?
She, in her perfect innocence,
Despised the foul and recreant lie,
That, without semblance of pretence,
Had swollen into a common cry.
They dared to charge her—her, their Queen—
With guilt so monstrous of its kind,
That, granting she had only been
In knowledge of the deed designed,
The gates of heaven had shut for aye
Against her penitence and prayer,
Angels had loathed her in their sky,
And left her to her soul's despair!
"Yea, men had loathed her! I myself,
The devil's bondsman, though alive,
Whom not for charity nor pelf
The meanest priest that crawls would shrive,
I would not, though she brought a crown,
Have ta'en a murderess to my bed;
The Borgia won such wide renown
As well might warn a pillowed head!
But, fie on me, to mix the name
Of one so tainted and so vile
With hers, the pure and spotless Dame
Who tarries in Lochleven's isle!
Her noble soul, that knew no taint,
Was far too trusting and sincere;
She was, in purity, the saint,
With all that makes the woman dear."

Pp. 110-112.

Under the influence of this unsuspecting nature, which, seeing a murder committed almost under her eyes, could not believe that anybody had done it, she exerted herself with all her royal influence to help Bothwell through his difficulties, not perceiving, as a wiser woman might have done, that the most effectual help she could give to an innocent man, was a fair trial and a hearing to all sides; especially when her own people and foreign princes were all urging and entreating her to bring him to justice.

These advocates must believe she had the desire to convict her husband's murderers; they must, therefore, choose the alternative of proving that she had not the sense even to make a rational effort to do so. We are to suppose that her understanding was satisfied with what actually was done. But surely there is nothing to admire in such imbecility in a woman, whose mind, free from passion, yet stimulated by all the motives of a just resentment, could devise nothing better than the miserable mockery of justice that actually did take place, scandalizing all the world but herself.

But this is all nothing to what is to follow. We are positively expected to bestow our interest on a woman and a queen, who, at full liberty, with her nobility about her, permitted herself to be taken prisoner by this ruffianly bully, carried off to his castle, there to be subjected to the last infamy and degradation that can befall a woman, and neither offering resistance at the time nor word of complaint afterwards. Even remaining ten days in that detestable bondage, mistress enough of herself and her actions to hold councils and issue warrants, but making no effort to escape, showing no repugnance, no indignation, no despair; and, when set at liberty, enduring to make a public entry into Edinburgh with Bothwell at her bridle-rein. And not content with this sanction, hurriedly promoting his divorce, raising him to the highest titles and honors, and finally *marrying* him, when she might have cut off his head, and thus, at one stroke, by a most welcome and popular act of justice, avenged her husband's murder and her own honor.

In spite of much alleged despair, she clings to this monster with the constancy of a devoted wife, for the sake of the babe unborn; the most apocryphal of all babes,

which, however, these theorists are compelled to have faith in, though its existence only adds another difficulty to their task: for while they pretend that Mary's daughter lived and grew up to woman's estate, they cannot adduce, from all the documents and voluminous correspondence that remain of Mary, one line or word to prove that she ever bestowed a thought or word throughout her subsequent life in recognition of the existence of her own child. Could such mere inanity as all this shows have ever raised enthusiasm?—could such a tool, such a timid, weak slave of events have left traces of herself through so many ages? A queen without policy or authority,—a woman without sense or spirit,—a mother dead to maternal feeling?

But, we may say, we think too well of Mary to believe in such an exculpation. Is this the heroine who commanded her army in person in man's attire, with pistols at her holsters, wishing for nothing better than, thus attended, to march to the gates of London and claim Elizabeth's throne? Is this the strong-nerved, quick-witted queen who frustrated her rebel subjects' schemes so cleverly, and with consummate art separated her husband from them at a time when any other of her sex would have been utterly prostrated by the horrors of Rizzio's death? Is this the woman who, when Bothwell had fled, and she found herself a prisoner, lover and throne lost, took Lindsay's hand in hers, and swore, by that hand, she would one day have his head for that day's work, dealing out threats of hanging and crucifying to all around? Is this the plotting, scheming, indomitable spirit, whose resources were inexhaustible, whose ingenuity never failed? Could she have had a daughter and make no use of her who turned all that came to her hands to such account? There is positively no resemblance between this portrait, this frivolous, insipid, and tame conception,—this mere pretty doll,—and the facts of history.

Perhaps it might seem uncharitable to object to the course of Mary's apologists and advocates, except that, in all cases of great crimes, the guilty can only be cleared at the expense of the innocent, or comparatively blameless; for it must be owned that positive innocence is a quality unknown in this turbulent period. The persons of whom history treats were all more or less concerned,

or at least cognizant of crimes and conspiracies that, in quieter times, do not come within the possibility of respectable people. But in seasons of unparalleled difficulties and dangers men are not to be judged by the standard of tranquil times,—neither Mary herself, nor the personages with whom her sad drama was acted out. Still there is just reason to complain, when every artifice of special pleading is employed to screen one at the expense of all the rest, and she the apparent head and front of the mischief,—when men and women who, in other scenes, acted their great parts so creditably, are loaded with a weight of obloquy, and treated as social monsters; and subordinates, instead of being the tools of their betters, are promoted to an independent blackness of depravity, a disinterested love of evil for its own sake, of which experience affords no example. Thus Bothwell's groom, Paris, whose humble part in the Kirkfield tragedy was to admit the murderers into the lower room where the powder was laid, and to give the signal to his master,—a man who had been many years in his confidential service, and (in spite of his alleged hang-dog look) had just been chosen by the queen for her own personal attendant,—is described as a demon.

"Time trickled on. I knew 'twas done,

When Paris entered with the key—
I'd listened for his foot, as one
Upon the rack might hail the tread
Of the grim gaoler of the dead,

Yet loathsome was his face to me!
He looked a murderer; not for hate,

Envy, or slight, or other cause,
By which the devil, or his mate,
Tempts man to spurn his Maker's laws—
But from that hideous appetite,

That lust for blood, that joy in sin,
Which shows the instinct of the wolf,
And ravins on the heart within."

Pp. 94, 95.

But leaving historical differences, it is time to approach "Bothwell" as a poem, a light in which we should have sooner regarded it, did we not believe that its historical and poetical aspects are inextricably blended,—that if the one is a failure the other cannot be a success,—that, in fact, the author erred in his first conception, and chose a subject of which nothing could be made. The scheme from the outset is a fundamental hopeless mistake. Doubtless the subject is a main part of the inspiration of a poem.

Who could attempt to make one out of a ruffian's own history of his doings, and hope to succeed? Even under the most favorable circumstances, failure and disaster are ill subjects for poetry; they need to be redeemed by such high motives and heroic daring as turn defeat itself into triumph and final conquest. But when a villain is the speaker, detailing villanous actions with all the prolixity of the dullest story-teller—"what he said," "what she said," "what I said," following in prosy succession, the only excitement to the reader arising from his own running protest against what he believes a jesuitical perversion of facts—the effect is an alternation of tedium and irritation. Nor does the villain even sustain his character, which would be something, and show dramatic art; there is scarcely a happy trait of ruffianism about him. He is as like Professor Aytoun as can be, in all his views and sentiments. Sometimes he rises to bursts of chivalrous religious feeling, very becoming to the author, but as far removed from the Bothwell of history (and this Bothwell is much more brutal in his deeds than history draws him) as light from darkness: and on these occasions the incongruity is so great between the thought and the speaker, that even a good line only recalls the judgment of the wise man, that "excellent speech becometh not a fool." However, these pleasing though incongruous passages in "Bothwell" can be counted off on the fingers. They stand distinct, separate, and obvious; no one can doubt about them. Still, we are disposed to think, no reader can fail to consign the body of the poem, the story of Mary and Bothwell, to hopeless, inevitable oblivion. And really, it could hardly be otherwise. What sort of matter for a poem can the plottings of conspirators furnish, page after page? Mr. Aytoun has set himself the task of accounting in verse for all that on the face of it tells against Mary. This has to be done, as we have said, by making her a pretty nonentity. Even Bothwell himself has scarcely the credit of a principal and originator; his task is to explain how all his villainies were put into his head by others; so that he loses the dignity of a free agent, perpetually breaking off in his narrative to lament his weakness as dupe, it seems, of Morton and the Scotch lords in Murray's interest, who themselves conceived the happy idea of Mary's marriage

with Bothwell, in order to weaken her cause with the nation at large. Thus, whatever tragic interest belongs to that wretched period is all frittered away; there seem no originators, no actors—all are dupes. Human passions, the acknowledged engines of the poets, are thrust aside for intrigue, and that of the most impossible character. Witness the following passage from the Notes, where this supposed plot is explained:

"My conclusion therefore is, that the terms of the Band were arranged between Bothwell and the lords of the faction of Murray and Morton, with whom he was then acting in apparent concert. It was part of their regular scheme; for Bothwell would not have been seduced from his allegiance without very distinct promises made by his tempters. Their object in signing the Band was to fortify Bothwell in his pretensions to the hand of the Queen, they being aware that such a marriage would be a signal for insurrection, and inevitably lead to her deposition: That marriage was the bribe, by means of which they induced Bothwell to become the principal actor in the murder of Darnley, and it was also their interest to keep faith with him, until he was installed as Darnley's successor; after that he was to be hunted down."—P. 275.

The poem thus gives the scene in which Bothwell is worked upon by the crafty Lethington. Bothwell speaks first.

"Truce with thy proverbs, man! they fill
With sound, and nothing else, mine ear—
Speak of the Queen,—her royal will
Must surely count for something here?"
My Lord—this Scottish crown of ours,
August and ancient though it be,
Doth yet confer but stinted powers,
And is but royal in degree.
He whom the nobles hail as king
Becomes the foremost of them all;
He passes first in listed ring,
In battle, banquet, bower, or hall.
He leads our armies to the field,
The laws are his to guard and wield;
And yet 'tis widely known,
Without the concert of his peers,
No Scottish king, these thousand years,
Hath ever kept the throne.
Is it not time for concert now?
The crown is on a woman's brow,
The people, by the preachers led,
Heap insults on her royal head—
She stands alone, without a mate
On whom her arm might lean—
Why sleep the guardians of the State?
Their voice is strong, their powers are great;
Let them direct the Queen!"

'Thanks, Maitland, thanks! I see thy aim—
By heaven, it shall be done!
If Scotland's peers support my claim,
The prize is almost won!
Ay, and who dare impeach their choice?
Let me but gain the nobles' voice,
And rumor, like a rated cur,
Must shrink into its den;
Let factions rise, or treason stir,
I well can face them then!
About it straight! Let Morton sign,
Huntley and Cassilis, Crawford too—
Their fortunes are compact with mine;
When they stand forward, not a few
For love, or dread, or shame, will join.
Ruthven will follow, nothing loth:
Errol, Argyle—I have them both.
And hark ye—sound the bishops, man!
Each reverend name is worth a score—
Place old St. Andrews in the van,
He'll bring us Orkney, Ross, and more.
About it straight! The time's complete;
All timorous thoughts I trample down:
He must not walk with idle feet
Who seeks to win and wear a crown!"
Pp. 121-123.

Again, the notable scheme of the abduction was not devised by either of the principals. Ormiston, the confident, has the credit of it. He comes to Bothwell primed with the plan, which he thus presses upon reluctant ears.

"Be ruled by me—forestall the time!
Surprise is fair in love or war;
A little urging is no crime—
Take Mary with you to Dunbar!
Thanks to the knave who brought me word,
Kirkaldy set us on our guard:
I have a thousand horsemen here,
From Crichton and from Teviotdale,
Men who were never known to fail,
All ready armed with jack and spear.
Around Dunbar the waters sweep;
Meet place for meditation lone,
When he who owns the castle-keep
Is host and lover both in one!
Take, too, the Band: it may suffice
To still some doubts, should such arise!
'Twere pity that her Royal Grace
Saw not that dutiful demand!—
Now, I have told you all the case;
Lord Bothwell, will you touch my hand?
Nay, never shrink—'tis now too late;
To-morrow must the deed be done;
You'll find me at the western gate,
With all our men equipped, by one.
I know the road; we'll meet them there,
Then hey o'er meadow, heath, and hill!
Come now, be brave!—All bids us fair—
Wilt thou do this?'—Your hand: I
will!"—Pp. 132, 133.

Surely all this is as poor in conception as in execution, equally against historic proba-

bility, and the laws that should guide a poet, whether he thinks of them or not.

If a familiar incident is put into verse, it should be with the aim of extracting its spirit, and tracing out those simple deep emotions which lie at the source of all daring romantic deeds. It is not the incident itself that should suggest the poem, so much as the actors in it. This abduction was a disgraceful affair; but if it was prompted by lawless passion or reckless ambition, the poet might find something to say about it. But how can he use his art to prove it the device of a cool designing knave? Did the poet ever live who could have made poetry out of such matter? This fundamental error lies so much at the root of all the narrative part of this poem, that it is almost useless to go into detail. We must, however, present Mary to the reader, for on her the poet would naturally lavish all his care and inspiration, especially on the terrible occasion when she finds herself a prisoner, and first discovers the real character of the man she has trusted. Bothwell has described the meeting, the lie by which he persuaded her to give herself up to his guidance, the unfolding of his daring hopes when she is safe immured in the Castle of Dunbar, concluding with an allusion to his existing wife.

"Silent and still, though pale as death,

Queen Mary kept her throne,
But for the heaving of her breast,
She seemed of marble stone.

Scarce by a gesture did she show
What thoughts were rushing by.
O noblest work of God!—how low,
How mean I felt when grovelling so,
With every word a lie!

* And can it be,* at length she said,
*That Bothwell has his Queen betrayed?
Bothwell, my first and foremost knight—
Bothwell, whose faith I deemed more bright,
More pure than any spotless gem
That glitters in my diadem?

Great God! what guilt of me or mine
Hath thus provoked thy wrath divine?
Weary, though short, has been my life;
For dangers, sickness, murders, strife,
All the worst woes that man can fear,
Have thickened round me year by year.
The smiles of love I scarce had seen

Ere Death removed them from my view;
My realm had scarce received its Queen

Ere treason's hideous trumpet blew.
They whom I sought to make my friends,
My very kin, proved false to me;
And now before me Bothwell bends
In falsehood, not in faith, the knee!

Nay, nay, my Lord! you need not speak,
For I have read your purpose through;
There is a blush upon your cheek

Which tells me that my words are true,
Bothwell! was this a knightly deed,
To wrong a woman in her need,
When neither help nor friends were nigh,
And snare her with an odious lie?
False was the tale that brought me here,
False even as the love you feign;
And now you think, perhaps through fear,
Your Queen and Mistress to restrain!"

Pp. 155-157.

Mary could talk better than this, and would hardly thank her champion for the hackneyed rhymes, the doggerel measure, and general prosiness with which she is made to reply to such a startling and unparalleled proposition. Bothwell follows in a strain of higher insolence.

"Then rose she up; and on her brow

Was stamped the Stuart frown:

* By all the saints in heaven, I vow

This man would bear me down!

He prates of love, as if my hand

Were but a sworder's prize,

That any ruffian in the land

Might challenge or despise!

What mad ambition prompts you, sir,

To utter this to me?

What word of mine has raised your hopes

In such a wild degree?

I gave you trust, because I deemed

Your honor free from stain;

I raised you to the highest place

That subject could attain,

Because I thought you brave and true,

And fittest to command,

When murder stalked in open day,

And treason shook the land.

Are these your thanks for all my grace?

Is this your knightly vow?

Fie, Bothwell! hide your perjured face—

There's falsehood on your brow!"

Pp. 159, 160.

Bothwell's only reply is, that she is in his power—an argument which she acquiesces in without further struggle or appeal.

"Hopeless, abandoned to despair,

What else could Mary do but yield?

I took her hand—she left it there;

'Twas cold and white, as frost on field.

I tried to comfort her; a burst

Of frenzied tears was her reply:

Forever be the deed accurst

That forced such witness from her eye!

Dim as an unregarded lamp,

Her light of life was on the wane,

And on her brow was set the stamp

Of utter misery and pain.

Like some caged bird that in dismay

Has fluttered till its strength is gone,

She had no power to fly away,
 Though wide the prison-door was thrown.
 In vain I strove to wake a smile,
 In vain protested she was free,
 For bitterly she felt the while
 That henceforth she was bound to me !"
 —Pp. 165, 166.

We have said that the action, the contact, and opposition of the principal personages of the story, should be the best parts of a poem of this character; but it is not at all so here. In fact, Mr. Aytoun is never at home in his task—he has no dramatic power,—he always fails in telling a story; he has evidently taken Scott as his model because there is a Scottish incident to be related; but the obvious imitation only suggests the fundamental difference between the two writers, not only in power, but also in original bent of mind. When a scene is presented to Scott's mind, all the actors start into life, and the vision assists him to set them talking and acting in character,—the page glows as the plot thickens; but there is no indication here of the author ever having his people actually before him; there is no realizing, no excitement, all is an effort of abstract thought and reason. Thus his action is always a failure, worked out by lay figures, to whom he apportions words and arguments representing his personal convictions. But though Professor Aytoun's own thoughts and views may not harmonize with the characters to whom he assigns them, they may be, and often are, good in themselves, and there are interspersed some reflections and some descriptions of real beauty. As an example, the following lines are very sweet and graceful in themselves, however out of place from Bothwell's lips; indeed, such thoughts are inconsistent with any aspect of despair:

"Ascension morn ! I hear the bells
 Ring from the village far away :
 How solemnly that music tells
 The mystic story of the day !
 Fainter and fainter come the chimes,
 As though they melted into air,
 Like voices of the ancient times,
 Like whispers of ascending prayer !
 So sweet and gentle sound they yet,
 That I, who never bend the knee,
 Can listen on, and half forget
 That heaven's bright door is shut for me.
 Yes, universal as the dew
 Which falls alike on field and fen,
 Comes the wide summons to the true,
 The false, the best, and worst of men.

Ring on, ye bells ! Let others throng
 Before the blessed rood to pray;
 Let them have comfort in the song
 That celebrates this holy day.
 Ring on for them ! I hear you well,
 But cannot lift my thoughts on high;
 The dreary mists that rise from hell
 Come thick between me and the sky."
 Pp. 137, 138.

The remembrance of the scene of the abduction is equally pretty and equally out of nature; for a ruffian with such a business upon his hands is not open to the impressions of natural beauty:

"Methinks I can recall the scene,
 That bright and sunny day;
 The Pentlands in their early green
 Like giant warders lay.
 Upon the bursting woods below
 The pleasant sunbeams fell;
 Far off, one streak of lazy snow
 Yet lingered in a dell.
 The westlin' winds blew soft and sweet,
 The meads were fair to see;
 Yet went I not the spring to greet
 Beneath the trysting-tree."—Pp. 140, 141.

The poem is in six parts. The opening of each is designed to bring the prisoner before us in such agonizing moods of thought as may be supposed in a proud undisciplined nature chafing in the solitude of a dungeon, and stung with disappointment, rage, and remorse till despair reaches to madness. There is not force enough in the verse to affect the reader painfully. The depths of a strong ruffian mind are never realized; but these musings, reflections, descriptions, and moralizings, though they breathe of the author rather than Bothwell, are still by far the best parts of the poem. In these the captive's language is often energetic and sometimes poetical; while so soon as the action begins, and he pursues his dreary story, it sinks into laborious commonplace and effort; as, indeed, how could a story told under such circumstances fail to do? Our final extract shall be the picture of Bothwell in his dungeon at Malmoe. It forms the commencement of the work, but will not suffer by being taken out of its order.

"Cold—cold ! The wind howls fierce without;
 It drives the sleet and snow;
 With thundering hurl, the angry sea
 Smites on the crags below.
 Each wave that leaps against the rock
 Makes this old prison reel—

God ! cast it down upon my head,
 And let me cease to feel !
 Cold—cold ! The brands are burning out,
 The dying embers wane;
 The drops fall plashing from the roof
 Like slow and sullen rain.
 Cold—cold ! And yet the villain kernes
 Who keep me fettered here,
 Are feasting in the hall above,
 And holding Christmas cheer.
 When the wind pauses for its breath,
 I hear their idiot bray,
 The laugh, the shout, the stamping feet,
 The song and roundelay.
 They pass the jest, they quaff the cup,
 The Yule-log sparkles brave,
 They riot o'er my dungeon-vault
 As though it were my grave.
 Ay, howl again, thou bitter wind,
 Roar louder yet, thou sea !
 And drown the gusts of brutal mirth
 That mock and madden me !
 Ho, ho ! the Eagle of the North
 Has stooped upon the main !
 Scream on, O eagle, in thy flight,
 Through blast and hurricane—
 And, when thou meetest on thy way
 The black and plunging bark,
 Where those who pilot by the stars
 Stand quaking in the dark,

Down with thy pinion on the mast,
 Scream louder in the air,
 And stifle in the wallowing sea
 The shrieks of their despair !
 Be my avenger on this night,
 When all, save I, am free;
 Why should I care for mortal man,
 When men care nought for me ?
 Care nought ? They loathe me, one and all,
 Else why should I be here—
 I, starving in a foreign cell,
 A Scottish prince and peer ? ”

Professor Aytoun's "Scottish Ballads" gained him a high reputation, higher than we are quite willing to subscribe to. We cannot but think that their real feeling and the flow of their verse covered their want of emphasis and fire; his readers went along with him, and were not critical. But faults which in a short poem may be overlooked, are fatal on a large scale; and "Bothwell" betrays such a want of power and judgment as not only to be a failure in itself, but to decide the question of the author's capacity for any great work. We are satisfied that his warmest admirers will never wish him to repeat the experiment of a long poem.

ARMSTRONG'S IMPROVED ORDNANCE.—Mr. W. G. Armstrong, of the Elswick Engine Works, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, whose engineering talents are well known, in the latter part of 1854 submitted to the Minister at War a proposal for a gun which he anticipated would possess great superiority over the common forms of light artillery, and undertook to construct a field-piece in conformity with the plan suggested. This gun has, during nearly two years, been the subject of numerous experiments, partly at Shoburness, but principally under Mr. Armstrong's own direction in the North. The following account is prepared from the published statement of the inventor.

The gun is composed internally of steel and externally of iron, applied in a twisted or spiral form, as in a musket or fowling-piece. The bore is nearly 2 inches in diameter, and is rifled. The projectile is a pointed cylinder, 6½ inches long, weighing 5 pounds, of cast iron, coated with lead, and is fired with a charge of 10 ounces of powder; it has a small cavity in the centre, and may be used either as a shot or a shell. When applied as a shell, the cavity is filled with powder, and a detonating fuse is inserted in front, so as to fire the powder in the centre on striking the object. When used as a shot, the powder is omitted, and an iron point, which favors penetration, is substituted for the fuse. The gun loads at the breech, not only to obviate the sponging and loading at the front, but also to allow the projectile to be larger in diameter than would enter at the muzzle, and thus to insure its taking the grooves and completely filling the bore. The piece weighs 5

hundred weight, and is mounted upon a carriage which resembles that of an ordinary 6-pounder field gun, but which embraces a pivot frame and recoil slide. A screw is applied, not only for elevating and depressing the gun, but also for moving it horizontally, by which means great delicacy of aim is effected. The recoil slide inclines upward, which enables the gun, after running back, to recover its position by gravity; its use is to relieve the pivot frame and adjusting screws from injurious concussion.

In the course of the long series of experiments made with this gun, it has been fired nearly 1,300 times without sustaining any permanent injury either in the breech loading arrangement or otherwise. The only parts exposed to wear are separable from the gun, and can with great facility be renewed.

SCREW COLLIERIES.—Arrangements are being made on the Tyne to introduce a class of vessels into the coal trade, which, if the experiment prove successful, must materially affect the fortunes of this branch of our mercantile marine. The present class of screw colliers carry from five to six hundred tons; but Mr. Hugh Taylor, the Chairman of the London Coal Exchange, and other gentlemen engaged in similar operations, have determined to build a fleet of vessels to be employed in this trade, capable of doing more than double the duty performed by the moderately-sized vessels now in use; and from the standing of the parties and their great experience in this trade, there is just reason for believing that the movement is in the right direction.

CHAPTER VIII.—THE NEW HEIR.

THEY had heard from Charlie, who had already set out upon his journey; they had heard from Louis, whom Mr. Foggo desired to take into his office in Charlie's place in the mean time; they had heard again and again from Miss Anastasia's solicitor, touching their threatened property; and to this whole family of women every thing around seemed going on with a singular speed and bustle, while they, unwillingly detained among the waning September trees, were, by themselves, so lonely and so still. The only one among them who was not eager to go home was Agnes. Bellevue and Islington, though they were kindly enough in their way, were not meet nurses for a poetic child;—this time of mountainous clouds, of wistful winds, of falling leaves, was like a new life to Agnes. She came out to stand in the edge of the wood alone, to do nothing but listen to the sweep of the wild minstrel in those thinning trees, or look upon the big masses of cloud breaking up into vast shapes of windy gloom over the spires of the city and the mazes of the river. The great space before and around—the great amphitheatre at her feet—the breeze that came in her face fresh and chill, and touched with rain—the miracles of tiny moss and herbage lying low beneath those fallen leaves—the pale autumn sky, so dark and stormy—the autumn winds, which wailed o' nights—the picturesque and many-featured change which stole over every thing,—carried a new and strange delight to the mind of Agnes. She alone cared to wander by herself through the wood, with its crushed ferns, its piled fagots of firewood, its yellow leaves, which every breeze stripped down. She was busy with the new book, too, which was very like to be wanted before it came; for all these expenses, and the license which their supposed wealth had given them, had already very much reduced the little store of five-pound notes, kept for safety in Papa's desk.

One afternoon during this time of suspense and uncertainty, the Rector repeated his call at the Lodge. The Rector had never forgiven Agnes that unfortunate revelation of her authorship; yet he had looked to her, notwithstanding, through those strange sermons of his, with a constantly-increasing appeal to her attention. She was almost disposed to fancy sometimes that he made special fiery defences of himself and his sentiments, which seemed addressed to her only; and Agnes fled from the idea with distress and embarrassment, thinking it a vanity of her own. On this day, however, the Rector was a different man—the cloud

was off his brow; the apparent restraint, uneasy and galling, under which he had seemed to hold himself, was removed; a flash of aroused spirit was in his eye—his very step was eager, and sounded with a bolder ring upon the gravel of the garden path—there was no longer the parochial bow, the clergymanly address, or the restless consciousness of something unreal in both, which once characterized him; he entered among them almost abruptly, and did not say a word of his parishioners, but instead, asked for Louis—told Rachel his sister wished to see her—and, glancing with unconcealed dislike at poor Agnes' blotting-book, wished to know if Miss Atheling was writing now.

"Mr. Rivers does not think it right, mamma," said Agnes. She blushed a little under her consciousness of his look of displeasure, but smiled also with a kind of challenge as she met his eye.

"No," said the young clergyman abruptly; "I admire, above all things, understanding and intelligence. I can suppose no appreciation so quick and entire as a woman's; but she fails of her natural standing to me, when I come to hear of her productions, and am constituted a critic—that is a false relationship between a woman and a man."

And Mr. Rivers looked at Agnes with an answering flash of pique and offence, which was as much as to say, "I am very much annoyed; I had thought of very different relationships; and it is all owing to you."

"Many very good critics," said Mrs. Atheling, piqued in her turn—"a great many people, I assure you, who know about such things, have been very much pleased with Agnes' book."

The Rector made no answer—did not even make a pause—but as if all this was merely irrelevant and an interruption to his real business, said rapidly, yet with some solemnity, and without a word of preface, "Lord Winterbourne's son is dead."

"Who?" said Agnes, whom, unconsciously, he was addressing—and they all turned to him with a little anxiety. Rachel became very pale, and even Marian, who was not thinking at all of what Mr. Rivers said, drew a little nearer the table, and looked up at him wistfully, with her beautiful eyes.

"Lord Winterbourne's son, George Rivers, the heir of the family—he who has been abroad so long; a young man, I hear, whom every one esteemed," said the Rector, bending down his head, as if he exacted from himself a certain sadness, and did indeed

endeavor to see how sad it was—"he is dead."

Mrs. Atheling rose, greatly moved. "O, Mr. Rivers!—did you say his son? his only son? a young man? O, I pray God have pity upon him! It will kill him;—it will be more than he can bear!"

The Rector looked up at the grief in the good mother's face, with a look and gesture of surprise. "I never heard any one give Lord Winterbourne credit for so much feeling," he said, looking at her with some suspicion; "and surely he has not shown much of it to you."

"O, feeling! don't speak of feeling!" cried Mrs. Atheling. "It is not that I am thinking of. You know a great many things, Mr. Rivers, but you never lost a child."

"No," he said; and then, after a pause, he added, in a lower tone; "in the whole matter, certainly, I never before thought of Lord Winterbourne."

And there was nobody nigh to point out to him what a world beyond and above his philosophy was this simple woman's burst of nature. Yet in his own mind he caught a moment's glimpse of it; for the instant he was abashed, and bent his lofty head with involuntary self-humiliation; but looking up, saw his own thought still clearer in the eye of Agnes, and turned defiant upon her, as if it had been a spoken reproach.

"Well!" he said, turning to her, "was I to blame for thinking little of the possibility of grief in such a man?"

"I did not say so," said Agnes, simply; but she looked awed and grave, as the others did. They had no personal interest at all in the matter; they thought in an instant of the vacant places in their own family, and stood silent and sorrowful, looking at the

great calamity which made another house desolate. They never thought of Lord Winterbourne, who was their enemy; they only thought of a father who had lost his son.

And Rachel, who remembered George Rivers, and thought in the tenderness of the moment that he had been rather kind to her, wept a few tears silently.

All these things disconcerted the Rector. He was impatient of excess of sympathy—ebullitions of feeling; he was conscious of a restrained yet intense spring of new hope and vigor in his own life. He had endeavored conscientiously to regret his cousin; but it was impossible to banish from his own mind the thought that he was free—that a new world opened to his ambition—that he was the heir!

And he had come, unaware of his own motive, to share this overpowering and triumphant thought with Agnes Atheling, a girl who was no mate for him, as inferior in family fortune and breeding as it was possible to imagine—and now stood abashed and reproved to see that all his simple auditors thought at once, not of him and his altered position, but of those grand and primitive realities—Death and Grief. He went away hastily and with impatience, displeased with them and with himself—went away on a rapid walk for miles out of his way, striding along the quiet country roads as if for a race; and a race it was, with his own thoughts, which still were fastest, and not to be overtaken. He knew the truths of philosophy, the limited lines and parallels of human logic and reason; but he had not been trained among the great original truths of nature; he knew only what was true to the mind,—not what was true to the heart.

CHAPTER IX.—A VISIT.

"COME down, Agnes, do make haste; mamma wants you—and Miss Anastasia's carriage is just drying up to the door."

So said Marian, coming languidly into their sleeping-room, and quite indifferent to Miss Anastasia. She was rather glad indeed to hasten Agnes away, to make an excuse for herself, and gain a half-hour of solitude to read over again Louis' letter. It was worth while to get letters like those of Louis. Marian sat down on one of Miss Bridget's old-fashioned chairs, and leaned her beautiful head against its high unyielding angular back. The cover on it was of an ancient blue-striped tabinet, faded, yet still retaining some of its color, which answered very well to relieve those beautiful, half-curved, half-braided locks of Marian's hair, which

had such a tendency to escape from all kinds of bondage. She lay there, half reclining upon this stiff uneasy piece of furniture, not at all disturbed by its angularity, her pretty cheek flushing, her pretty lips trembling into half-conscious smiles, reading over again Louis' letter, which she held after an embracing fashion in both her hands.

And Rachel, with great diffidence, yet by the Rector's invitation, had gone to visit Miss Rivers at the Old Wood House. When the other Miss Rivers, chief of the name, entered the little parlor of the Lodge, she found the mother and daughter, who were both acquainted with her secret, awaiting her very anxiously. She came in with a grave face and a deliberate step. She had not changed her dress in any particular, ex-

cept the color of her bonnet, which was black, and had some woeful decorations of erape; but it was evident that she too had been greatly moved and impressed by her young cousin's death.

"He is dead," she said, almost as abruptly as the Rector, when she had taken her usual place. "Yes, poor young George Rivers, who was the heir of the house—it was very well for him that he should die."

"O, Miss Rivers!" said Mrs. Atheling, "I am very, very sorry for poor Lord Winterbourne."

"Are you?" said Miss Anastasia;—"perhaps you are right,—he will feel this, I dare say, as much as he can feel any thing; but I was sorry for the boy. Young people think it hard to die—fools!—they don't know the blessing that lies in it. Living long enough to come to the crown of youth, and dying in its blossom—that's a lot fit for an angel. Agnes Atheling, never look through your tears at me."

But Agnes could not help looking at the old lady wistfully, with her young inquiring eyes.

"What does the Rector do here?—they tell me he comes often," said Miss Rivers. "Do you know that now, so far as people understand, he comes to be heir of Winterbourne?"

"He came to tell us yesterday of the poor young gentleman's death," said Mrs. Atheling, "and I thought he seemed a little excited. Agnes, I am sure you observed it as well as I."

"No, mamma," said Agnes, turning away hastily. She went to get some work, that no one might observe her own looks, with a sudden nervous tremor and impatience upon her. The Rector had been very kind to Louis, had done a brother's part to him—far more than any one else in the world had ever done to this friendless youth—yet Louis' friends were laboring with all their might, working in darkness like evil-doers, to undermine the supposed right of Lionel—that right which made his breast expand and his brow clear, and freed him from an uncongenial fate. Agnes sat down trembling, with a sudden nervous access of vexation, disappointment, annoyance, which she could not explain. She had been accustomed for a long time now to follow him with interest and sympathy, and to read his thoughts in those wild public self-revelations of his, which no one penetrated but herself; but she felt actually guilty, a plotter, and concerned against him now.

"I am sorry for Lionel," said Miss Rivers, who had not lost a single fluctuation of color on Agnes' cheek, nor tremble of emotion in her hurried hands—"but it would have

been more grievous for poor George had he lived. There will be only disappointment—not disgrace—for any other heir."

She paused a while, still watching Agnes, who bent over her work, greatly disposed to cry, and in a very agitated condition of mind. Then she said as suddenly as before: "I forget my proper errand—I have come for the girls. You are to go with me to the Priory. Go, make haste—put on your bonnet—I never wait, even for young ladies; call your sister, and make ready to go."

Agnes rose, startled and unwilling, and cast an inquiring look at Mamma. Mrs. Atheling was startled, too, but she was not insensible to the pride and glory of seeing her two daughters drive off to Abingford Priory in the well-known carriage of Miss Anastasia. "Since Miss Rivers is so good, make haste, my dear," said Mrs. Atheling; and Agnes had no alternative but to obey.

When she was gone, Miss Rivers looked round the room inquisitively. Rachel was no great needlewoman, nor much instructed in ordinary feminine pursuits; there were no visible traces of the presence of a third young lady in the little dim parlor. "Where is the girl?" said Miss Anastasia, cautiously.—"I was told she was here."

"The Rector asked her to go and see his sister—she is at the Old Wood House," said Mrs. Atheling. "I am very sorry—but we never thought of you coming to-day."

"I might come any day," said Miss Rivers, abruptly—"but that is not the question—I prefer not to see her—she is a frightened little dove of a girl—she is not in my way. Is she good for any thing?—you ought to know."

"She is a very sweet, amiable girl," said Mrs. Atheling, warmly—"and she sings as I never heard any one sing, all my life."

"Ah!" said Miss Rivers, with a look of gratification, "it belongs to the family—music is a tradition among us—yes, yes! You remember my great-grandfather, the fourth lord—he was a great composer." Miss Anastasia was perfectly destitute of the faculty herself, and more than half of the Riverses wanted that humblest of all musical qualifications, "an ear"—yet it was amusing to mark the engorgement of the old lady to find a family precedent for every quality known as belonging to Louis or his sister.

"I recollect," added Miss Rivers, bending her brows darkly, "they wanted to make a singer of her—the more disgrace the better—O, I understand their tactics! You are sorry for him?—look at his devilish plans!"

Mrs. Atheling shook her head, but did not reply; she only knew that she would have been sorry for the vilest criminal in the world, had he lost his only son.

"I have heard from your boy," said Miss Rivers. "He is gone now, I suppose. What does Will Atheling think of his son? If he does but as I expect he will, the boy's fortune is made; he shall never repent that he did this service for me."

"But it is a great undertaking," said Mrs. Atheling. "I know Charlie will do his best—he is a very good boy, Miss Rivers; but he may not succeed after all."

"He will succeed," said the old lady; "but even if he does not—which I cannot believe—so long as he does all he can, it will not alter me."

The mother's heart swelled high with gratification and pleasure; yet there was a drawback. All this time—since the first day when she heard of it, before she made

her discovery,—Miss Anastasia had never referred to the engagement between Louis and Marian. Did she desire to discover it? was she likely to perceive a difference in this respect between Louis nameless and without friends, and Louis the heir of Winterbourne?

But Mrs. Atheling's utmost penetration could not tell. Miss Rivers began to pull down the books, to look at them, to strike her riding-whip on the floor, and call out good-humoredly in her loud voice, which every one in the house could hear, that she was not to be kept waiting by a parcel of girls. Finally the girls made their appearance in their best dresses; their new patroness hurried them into her carriage, and drove instantly away.

CHAPTER X.—MARIAN ON TRIAL.

MISS ANASTASIA "preferred not to see" Rachel—yet, with a wayward inclination still, was moved to drive by a circuitous road in front of the Old Wood House, where the girl was. The little vehicle went heavily along the grassy road, cutting the turf, but making little sound as it rolled past the windows of the invalid. There was the velvet lawn, the trim flower-pots, the tall autumnal flowers, the straight and well-kept garden paths, lying vacant and shadowless beneath the sun—but there was nothing to be discovered under the closed blinds of this shut-up and secluded house.

"Why do they keep their blinds down?" said Miss Anastasia; "all the house is not one invalid's room? Lucy was a little fool always. I do not believe there is any thing the matter with her. She had what these soft creatures call a disappointment in love—words have different meanings, child. And why does this girl go to see Lucy Rivers? I suppose because she is such an one herself."

"It is because Miss Rivers was kind to her," said Agnes; "and the Rector asked her to go—"

"The Rector? Do you mean to tell me," said Miss Anastasia, turning quickly upon her companion, "that when Lionel Rivers comes to the Lodge it is for *her* he comes?"

"I do not know," said Agnes. She was provoked to feel how her face burned under the old lady's gaze. She could not help showing something of the anger and vexation she felt. She looked up hastily, with a glance of resentment. "He has been very much interested in Louis—he has been very kind to him," said Agnes, not at all indisposed, for the sake of the Rector, whom every one plotted against, to throw down her glove to Miss Anastasia. "I believe, indeed, it has been to inquire about Louis, that he ever came to the Lodge."

Miss Anastasia touched her ponies with her whip, and said "Humph!" "Both of them! odd enough," said the old lady. Agnes, who was considerably offended, and not at all in an amicable state of mind, did not choose to inquire who Miss Anastasia meant by "both of them," nor what it was that was "odd enough."

Marian occupied the seat behind. She liked it very well, though she would rather have written her letter to Louis. She did not quite hear the conversation before her, and did not much care about it. Marian recognized the old lady only as Agnes' friend, and had never connected her in any way with her own fortunes. She was shy of speaking in that stately presence; she was even resentful sometimes of the remarks of Miss Anastasia; and the lofty old gentlewoman had formed but an indifferent idea yet of the little beauty. She was amused with the pretty pout of Marian's lip, the sparkle, sometimes of fun, sometimes of petulance, in her eye; but Marian would have been extremely dismayed to-day had she known that she, and not Agnes, was the principal object of Miss Anastasia's visit, and was, indeed, about to be put upon her trial, to see if she was good for any thing. At all events, she was quite at ease and unalarmed now.

They drove along in silence for some time after this—passing through the village and past the Park gates. Then Miss Anastasia took a road quite unfamiliar to the girls—a grass-grown unfrequented path, lying under the shadow of the trees of Winterbourne. She did not say a word till they came to a sudden break in the trees, when she stopped her ponies abruptly, and fixed a sorrowful gaze upon the Hall, which was visible, and close at hand. The white, broad, majestic front of the great house was not unlike a funeral pile at any time; now, with white

curtains drawn close over all its scarcely perceptible windows, still veiled in the pomp of mourning, without a gleam of light or color, in its blind, grand aspect, turning its back upon the sun—there was something very sadly imposing in the desolated house. No one was to be seen about it—not even a servant: it looked like a vast mausoleum, sacred to the dead. “It was very well for him,” said Miss Anastasia with a sigh, “very well. If it were not so pitiful a thing to think of, children, I could thank God.”

But as the old lady spoke, the tears stood heavy in her eyes.

This was very dreadful, very mysterious, altogether beyond comprehension, to Marian. She was glad to turn her eyes away from the house with dislike and terror—it had been Louis' prison and place of suffering, and not a single hope connected with the Hall of Winterbourne was in Marian's mind. She drew back from Miss Rivers with a shudder—she thought it was the most frightful thing in existence to thank God because this young man had died.

The Priory opened its doors wide to its mistress and her young guests. She led them herself to her favorite room, a very strange place, indeed, to their inexperienced eyes. It was a long narrow room, built over the archway which crossed the entrance to the town of Abingford. This of itself was peculiarity enough; and the walls were of stone, wainscoted to half their height with oak, and the roof was ribbed with strong old oaken rafters, and of course unceiled. Windows on either side, plain lattice windows, with thick mullions of stone, admitted the light in strips between heavy bars of shadow, and commanded a full sight of every one who entered the town of Abingford. On the country side was a long country road, some trees, and the pale convolutions of the river; on the other, there was a glimpse of the market-place of the town, even now astrid with a leisurely amount of businers, in the centre of which rose an extraordinary building with a piazza, while round it were the best shops of Abingford, and the farmers' inns, which were full on market days. A little old church, rich with the same rude Saxon ornament which decorated the church of Winterbourne, stood modestly among the houses at the corner of the market-place. A few leisurely figures, such as belong to country towns, stood at the doors or lounged about the pavement; and market-carts came and went slowly under the arch. Marian brightened into positive amusement; she thought it very funny indeed to watch the people and the vehicles slowly disappearing beneath her, and laughed

to herself, and thought it a very odd fancy of Miss Anastasia, to choose her favorite sitting-room here.

The old lady came and stood beside her, somewhat to the embarrassment of Marian. She bade the girl take off her bonnet, which produced its unfailing result, of throwing into a little picturesque confusion those soft, silken, half-curved tresses of Marian's hair. Marian looked out of the window somewhat nervously, a little afraid of Miss Rivers. The old lady looked at her with a keen scrutiny. She was stooping her pretty shoulders in an attitude which might have been awkward in a form less elastic, dimpling her cheek with the fingers which supported it, conscious of Miss Anastasia's gaze, somewhat alarmed, and very shy. In spite of the shrinking, the alarm, and the embarrassment, Miss Rivers looked steadily down upon her with a serious inspection. But even the cloud which began to steal over Marian's brow could not disenchant the eyes that gazed upon her—Miss Anastasia began to smile as everybody else; to feel herself moved to affection, tenderness, regard; to own the fascination which no one resisted. “My dear, you are very pretty,” said the old lady, entirely forgetting any prudent precautions on the score of making Marian vain; “many people would tell you, that with a face like that you need no other attraction. But I was once pretty myself, and I know it does not last forever; do you ever think about any thing, you lovely little child?”

Marian glanced up with an indignant blush and frown; but the look she met was so kind, that it was not possible to answer as she intended. So the pretty head sank down again upon the hand which supported it. She took a little time to compose herself, and then, with some humility, spoke the truth: “I am afraid not a great deal.”

“What do you suppose I do here all by myself?” said Miss Anastasia, suddenly.

Marian turned her face towards her, looked round the room, and then turned a wistful gaze to Miss Rivers. “Indeed, I do not know,” said Marian, in a very low and troubled tone: it was youth, with awe and gravity and pity, looking out of its bright world upon the loneliness and poverty of age.

That answer and that look brought the examination to a very hasty and sudden conclusion. The old lady looked at her for an instant with a startled glance, stooped over her, kissed her forehead, and hurried away. Marian could not tell what she had done, nor why Miss Anastasia's face changed so strangely. She could not comprehend

the full force of the contrast, nor how her own simple wonder and pity struck like a sudden arrow to the old lady's heart.

Agnes was puzzled, too, and could not help her sister to an explanation. They remained by themselves for some time, rather timidly looking at every thing. There were a few portraits hanging high upon the walls, portraits which they knew to be of the family, but could not recognize; and there was one picture of a very strange kind, which all their combined ingenuity could not interpret. It was like one of those old Dyptichs used to preserve some rare and precious altar-piece. What was within could not be seen, but on the closed leaves without were painted two solemn angels, with a silvery surrounding of wings, and flowers in their hands. If Miss Anastasia had been a Catholic, even if she had been a dilettante or extreme high churchwoman, it might have been a little private shrine: perhaps it was so: there was a portrait within, which no eyes but her own ever saw. Between the windows the walls were lined with book-cases; that ancient joke of poor Aunt Bridget's, her own initials underneath her pupil's name—the B. A., which conferred a degree upon Anastasia Rivers—turned out to be an intentional thing after all. The girls gazed in awe at Miss Anastasia's bookshelves. She was a great scholar, this old lady. She might have been one of the Heads of houses in the learned city, but for

the unfortunate femininity which debarred her. All by herself among these tomes of gray antiquity—all by herself with her pictures, the sole remnant of another time—it was not wonderful that the two girls paused, looking out from the sunshine of their youth with reverence, yet with compassion. They honored her with natural humility, feeling their own ignorance, but, notwithstanding, were very sorry for Miss Anastasia, all by herself—more sorry than there was occasion to be—for Miss Anastasia was used to be all by herself, and found enjoyment in it now.

When Miss Anastasia came back she took them to see her garden, and the state-apartments of her great stately house. When they were a little familiar she let them stray on before her, and followed, watching. Agnes, perhaps, was still her own favorite of the two, but all her observation was given to Marian. As her eyes followed this beautiful figure, her look became more and more satisfied; and while Marian wandered with her sister about the garden, altogether unconscious of the great possibilities which awaited her, Miss Anastasia's fancy clothed her in robes of state, and covered her with jewels. "He might have married a Duke's daughter," she said to herself, turning away with a pleased eye—"but he might never have found such a beautiful fairy as this; she is a good little child, too, with no harm in her; and a face for a fairy queen!"

CHAPTER XI.—DISCONTENT.

No one knew the real effect of the blow which had just fallen upon Lord Winterbourne. The guests, of whom his house was full, dispersed as if by magic. Even Mrs. Egerly, in the most fashionable sables, with mourning liveries, and the blinds of her carriage solemnly let down, went forth, as soon as decency would permit, from the melancholy Hall. After all the bustle and all the gayety of recent days, the place fell into a pause of deadly stillness. Lord Winterbourne sought comfort from no one—showed grief to no one; he made a sudden pause, like a man stunned, and then, with increased impetus, and with a force and resolution unusual to him, resumed his ancient way once more, and rushed forward with exaggerated activity. Instead of subduing him, this event seemed to have roused all his faculties into a feverish and busy malevolence, as if the man had said, "I have no one to come after me—I will do all the harm I can while my time lasts." All the other gentry of the midland counties, put together, did not bring so many poachers to "justice" as were brought by Lord Winterbourne. It was with difficulty his

solicitor persuaded him to pass over the pettiest trespass upon his property. He shut up pathways privileged from time immemorial, ejected poor tenants, encroached upon the village rights, and oppressed the village patriarchs; and, animated as he was by this spirit of ill-will to every one, it was not wonderful that he endeavored, with all his might, to press on the suit against the Athelings for the recovery of the Old Wood Lodge.

Mrs. Atheling and her daughters, unwilling, embarrassed, and totally ignorant of their real means of defence, remained in their house at the pleasure of the lawyer, and much against their own inclination. Mrs. Atheling herself, though with a spark of native spirit she had seconded her husband's resolution not to give up his little inheritance, was entirely worried out with the task of defending it, now that Charlie was gone, and winter was approaching, and her heart yearned to her husband and her forsaken house in Bellevue. When she wrote to Mr. Atheling, or when she consulted with Agnes, the good mother expressed her opinion very strongly. "If it

turns out a mistake about Louis, none of us will care for this place," said Mrs. Atheling; "we shall have the expense of keeping it up, and unless we were living in it ourselves, I do not suppose it is worth ten pounds a-year; and if it should turn out true about Louis, of course he would restore it to us, and settle it so that there could be no doubt upon the subject; and indeed, Agnes, my dear, the only sensible plan that I can think of, would be to give it up at once, and go home. I do think it is quite an unfortunate house for the Athelings; there was your father's poor little sister got her death in it; and it is easy to see how much trouble and anxiety have come into our family since we came here."

"But trouble and anxiety might come anywhere, mamma," said Agnes.

"Yes, my dear, that is very true; but we should have known exactly what we had to look for, if Marian had been engaged to some one in Bellevue."

Mamma's counsels, accordingly, were of a very timid and compromising character. She began to be extremely afraid that the Old Wood Lodge, being so near the trees, would be damp after all the autumn rains, and that something might possibly happen to Bell and Bean; and, with all her heart, and without any dispute, she longed exceedingly to be at home. Then there was the pretty pensive Marian, a little love-sick, and pining much for the society of her betrothed. She was a quiet but potent influence, doing what she could to aggravate the discontent of Mamma; and Agnes had to keep up the family courage, and develop the family patience, single-handed. Agnes, in her own private heart, though she did not acknowledge, nor even know it, was not at all desirous to go away.

The conflict, accordingly, about this small disputed possession, lay a great deal more between Lord Winterbourne and Miss Anastasia than between that unfriendly nobleman and the house of Atheling. Miss Anastasia came frequently on errands of encouragement to fortify the sinking heart of Mrs. Atheling. "My great object is to defer the trial of this matter for six months," said the old lady significantly. "Let it come on, and we will turn the tables then."

She spoke in the presence of Marian, before whom nothing could be said plainly—in the presence of Rachel even, whom it was impossible to avoid seeing, but who always kept timidly in the background—and

she spoke with a certain exultation which somewhat puzzled her auditors. Charlie, though he had done nothing yet, had arrived at the scene of his labors. Assured of this fact, the courage of his patroness rose. She was a woman and an optimist, as she confessed. She had the gift of leaping to a conclusion, equal to any girl in the kingdom, and at the present moment was not disturbed by any doubts of success.

"Six months!" cried Mrs. Atheling, in dismay and horror, "and do you mean that we must stay here all that time—all the winter, Miss Rivers? It is quite impossible—indeed I could not do it. My husband is all by himself, and I know how much I am wanted at home."

"It is necessary some one should be in possession," said Miss Rivers. "Eh? What does Will Atheling say?—I dare say he thinks it hard enough to be left alone."

Mrs. Atheling was very near "giving away." Vexation and anxiety for the moment almost overpowered her self-command. She knew all the buttons must be off Papa's shirts, and stood in grievous fear of a fabulous amount of broken crockery; besides, she had never been so long parted from her husband since their marriage, and very seriously longed for home.

"Of course it is very dreary for him," she said, with a sigh.

"Mr. Temple is making application to defer the trial on the score of an important witness who cannot reach this country in time," said Miss Rivers. "Of course my lord will oppose that with all his power; he has a natural terror of witnesses from abroad. When the question is decided, I do not see, for my part, why you should remain. This little one pines to go home, I see—but you, Agnes Atheling, you had better come and stay at the Priory—you love the country, child!"

Both the sisters blushed under the scrutinizing eye of Miss Anastasia; but Agnes was not yet reconciled to the old lady. "We are all anxious to go home," she said with spirit, and with considerably more earnestness than the case at all demanded. Miss Rivers smiled a little. She thought she could read a whole romance in the fluctuating color and troubled glance of Agnes; but she was wrong, as far-seeing people are so often. The girl was disturbed, uneasy, self-conscious, in a startled and impatient condition of mind; but the romance, even if it were on the way, had not yet definitely begun.

CHAPTER XIII.—A CONVERSATION.

AGNES' rambles out of doors had now almost always to be made alone. Rachel was much engrossed with the invalid of the Old Wood House, who had "taken a fancy" to the gentle little girl. The hypochondriac Miss Rivers was glad of any one so tender and respectful; and half in natural pity for the sufferings which Rachel could not believe to be fanciful, half from a natural vocation for kindly help and tendance, the girl was glad to respond to the partly selfish affection of her new friend, who told Rachel countless stories of the family, and the whole chronicle in every particular of her own early "disappointment in love." In return, Rachel, by snatches, conveyed to her invalid friend—in whom, after all, she found some points of interest and congeniality—a very exalted ideal picture of the Athelings, the genius of Agnes, and the love-story of Marian. Marian and Agnes occupied a very prominent place indeed in the talk of that shadowy dressing-room, with all its invalid contrivances—its closed green blinds, its soft mossy carpets, on which no footstep was ever audible, its easy little couches, which you could move with a finger; the luxury, and the stillness, and the gossip, were not at all unpleasant to Rachel; and she read *Hope Hazlewood* to her companion in little bits, with pauses of talk between. *Hope Hazlewood* was not nearly romantic enough for the pretty faded invalid reposing among her pillows in her white dressing-gown, whom Time seemed to have forgotten there, and who had no recollection for her own part that she was growing old; but she took all the delight of a girl in hearing of Louis and Marian—how much attached to each other, and how handsome, they both were.

And Marian Atheling did not care half so much as she used to do for the long rambles with her sister, which were once such a pleasure to both the girls. Marian rather now preferred sitting by herself over her needlework, or lingering alone at the window, in an entire sweet idleness, full of all those charmed visions with which the very name of Louis peopled all the fairy future. Not the wisest, or the wittiest, or the most brilliant conversation in the world could have half equalled to Marian the dreamy pleasure of her own meditations. So Agnes had to go out alone.

Agnes did not suffer very much from this necessity. She wandered along the skirts of the wood, with a vague sense of freedom and enjoyment not easy to explain in words. No dreamy trance of magic influence had come upon Agnes; her mind, and her heart, and her thoughts, were quickened by a

certain thrill of expectation, which was not to be referred to the strange romance now going on in the family—to Charlie's mission, nor Louis' prospects, nor any thing else which was definite and ascertained. She knew that her heart rose, that her mind brightened, that her thoughts were restless and light, and not to be controlled; but she could not tell the reason why. She went about exploring all the country byways, and finding little tracks among the brushwood undiscoverable to the common eye; and she was not cogitating any thing, scarcely was thinking, but somehow felt within her whole nature a silent growth and increase not to be explained.

She was pondering along, with her eyes upon the wide panorama at her feet, when it chanced to Agnes, suddenly and without preparation, to encounter the Rector. These two young people, who were mutually attracted to each other, had at the present moment a mutual occasion of embarrassment and apparent offence. The Rector could not forget how very much humbled in his own opinion he himself had been on his late visit to the Lodge; he had not yet recovered the singular check given to his own unconscious selfishness by the natural sympathy of these simple people, with the grander primitive afflictions and sufferings of life: and he was not without an idea that Agnes looked upon him now with a somewhat disdainful eye. Agnes, on her part, was greatly oppressed by the secret sense of being concerned against the Rector; in his presence she felt like a culprit—a secret plotter against the hope which brightened his eye, and expanded his mind. A look of trouble came at once into her face; her brow clouded—she thought it was not quite honest to make a show of friendship, while she retained her secret knowledge of the inquiry which might change into all the bitterness of disappointment his sudden and unlooked-for hope.

He had been going in the opposite direction, but, though he was not at all reconciled to her, he was not willing either to part with Agnes. He turned, only half consciously, only half willingly, yet by an irresistible compulsion. He tried indifferent conversation, and so did she; but, in spite of himself, Lionel Rivers was a truer man with Agnes Atheling than he was with any other person in the world. He who had never cared for sympathy from any one, somehow or other felt a necessity for hers, and had a certain imperious disappointment and impatience when it was withheld from him, which was entirely unreasonable, and not to be accounted for. He broke off abruptly

from the talk about nothing, to speak of some intended movements of his own.

"I am going to town," said Mr. Rivers. "I am somewhat unsettled at present in my intentions; after that, probably, I may spend some time abroad."

"All because he is the heir!" thought Agnes to herself; and again she colored with distress and vexation. It was impossible to keep something of this from her tone; when she spoke it was in a voice subdued a little out of its usual tenor; but all that she asked was a casual question, meaning nothing—"If Mr. Mead would have the duty while the Rector was away?"

"Yes," said the Rector; "he is very much better fitted for it than I am. Here I have been cramping my wings these three years. Fathers and mothers are bitterly to blame; they bind a man to what his soul loathes, because it is his best method of earning some paltry pittance—so much a-year!"

After this exclamation the young clergyman made a pause, and so did his diffident and uneasy auditor, who "did not like" either to ask his meaning, or to make any comment upon it. After a few minutes he resumed again—

"I suppose it must constantly be so where we dare to think for ourselves," he said in a tone of self-conversation. "A man who thinks *must* come to conclusions different from those which are taught to him—different, perhaps, from all that has been concluded truest in the ages that are past. What shall we say? Wo be to me if I do not follow out my reasoning, to whatever length it may lead!"

"When Paul says, Wo be to him, it is, if he does not preach the Gospel," said Agnes.

Mr. Rivers smiled. "Be glad of your own happy exemption," he said, turning to her, with the air of a man who knows by heart all the old arguments—all the feminine family arguments against scepticism and dangerous speculations. "I will leave you in possession of your beautiful Gospel—your pure faith. I shall not attempt to disturb your mind—do not fear."

"You could not!" said Agnes, in a sudden and rash defiance. She turned to him in her turn, beginning to tremble a little with the excitement of controversy. She was a young polemic, rather more graceful in its manifestation, but quite as strong in the spirit of the conflict as any Mause Headrigg—which is to say, that, after her eager girlish fashion, she believed with her whole heart, and did not know what toleration meant.

Mr. Rivers smiled once more. "I will not try," he said. "I remember what

Christ said, and endeavor to have charity even for those who condemn me."

"O, Mr. Rivers!" cried Agnes suddenly, and with trembling, "do not speak so coldly—do not say Christ: it sounds as if you did not care for Him—as if you thought He was no friend to you."

The Rector paused, somewhat startled; it was an objection which never had occurred to him—one of those subtle touches concerning the spirit and not the letter, which, being perfectly sudden, and quite simple, had some chance of coming to the heart.

"What do you say?" he asked with a little interest.

Agnes' voice was low, and trembled with reverence and with emotion. She was not thinking of him, in his maze of intellectual trifling—she was thinking of that Other, whom she knew so much better, and whose name she spoke. She answered with an involuntary bending of her head—"Our Lord."

It was no conviction that struck the mind of the young man—conviction was not like to come readily to him—and he was far too familiar with all the formal arguments, to be moved by the reasonings of a polemic, or the fervor of an enthusiast. But he who professed so much anxiety about truth, and contemplated himself as a moral martyr, wofully following his principles, though they led him to ever so dark a desolation, had lived all his life among an infinite number of shams, and willingly enough had yielded to many of them. Perhaps this was the first time in his life in which he had been brought into immediate contact with people who were simply true in their feelings and their actions—whose opinions were without controversy—whose settled place in life, humble as it was, shut them out from secondary emulations and ambitions—and who were swayed by the primitive rule of human existence—the labor and the rest, the affliction and the prosperity, which were real things, and not creations of the brain. He paused a little over the words of Agnes Atheling. He did not want her to think as he did; he was content to believe that the old boundaries were suitable and seemly for a woman; and he was rather pleased than otherwise, by the horror, interest, and regret which such opinions as his generally met with. He paused upon her words, with the air of a spectator, and said in a meditative fashion, "It is a glorious faith."

Now Agnes, who was not at all satisfied with this contemplative approval, was entirely ready and eager for controversy; prepared to plunge into it with the utmost rashness, utterly unaccounted and ignorant

as she was. She trembled with suppressed fervor and excitement over all her frame. She was as little a match for the Rector in the argument which she would fain have entered into, as any child in the village; but she was far too strong in the truth of her cause to feel any fear.

"Do you ever meet with great trouble?" asked Agnes.

It was quite an unexpected question. The Rector looked at her inquiringly, without the least perception what she meant.

"And when you meet with it," continued the eager young champion, "what do you say?"

Now this was rather a difficult point with the Rector; it was not naturally his vocation to administer comfort to "great trouble"—in reality, when he was brought face to face with it, he had nothing to say. He paused a little, really embarrassed—that was the curate's share of the business. Mr. Rivers was very sorry for the poor people, but had, in fact, no consolation to give, and thought it much more important to play, with his own mind and faculties in this solemn and conscientious trifling of his, than to attend to the griefs of others. He answered, after some hesitation: "There are different minds, of course, and different influences applicable to them. Every man consoles himself after his own fashion; for some there are the sublime consolations of Philosophy, for others the rites of the Church."

"Some time," said Agnes suddenly, turning upon him with earnest eyes, "some time, when you come upon great sorrow, will you try the name of our Lord?"

The young man was startled again, and made no answer. He was struck by the singular conviction that this girl, inferior to himself in every point, had a certain real and sublime acquaintance with that wonderful Person of whom she spoke; that this was by no means belief in a doctrine, but knowledge of a glorious and extraordinary Individual, whose history no unbeliever in the world has been able to divest of its original majesty. The idea was altogether new to him: it found an unaccustomed way to the heart of the speculatist—that dormant power which scarcely any one all his life had tried to reach to. "I do not quite understand you," he said somewhat moodily; but he did not attend to what she said afterwards. He pondered upon the problem by himself, and could not make any thing of it. Arguments about doctrines and beliefs were patent enough to the young man. He was quite at home among dogmas and opinions—but, somehow, this personal view of the question had a strange advantage over him. He was not prepared for it; its entire and obvious simplicity took away the ground from under his feet. It might be easy enough to persuade a man out of conviction of a doctrine which he believed, but it was a different matter to disturb the identity of a person whom he knew.

CHAPTER XIII.—SUSPENSE.

In the mean time, immediate interest in their own occupations had pretty nearly departed from the inhabitants of the Old Wood Lodge. Agnes went on with her writing, Mamma with her work-basket, Marian with her dreams; but desk, and needle, and meditations were all alike abandoned in prospect of the postman, who was to be seen making his approach for a very long way, and was watched every day with universal anxiety. What Louis was doing, what Charlie was doing, the progress of the lawsuit, and the plans of Miss Anastasia, continually drew the thoughts of the household away from themselves. Even Rachel's constant report of the unseen invalid, Miss Lucy, added to the general withdrawal of interest from the world within to the world without. They seemed to have nothing to do themselves in their feminine quietness. Mamma sat pondering over her work—about her husband, who was alone, and did not like his solitude—about Charlie, who was intrusted with so great a commission—about "all the children"—every one of whom

seemed to be getting afloat on a separate current of life. Agnes mused over her business with impatient thoughts about the Rector, with visions of Rachel and Miss Lucy in the invalid chamber, and vain attempts to look into the future and see what was to come. As for Marian, the charmed tenor of her fancies knew no alteration; she floated on, without interruption, in a sweet vision, full of a thousand inconsistencies, and wilder than any romance. Their conversation ran no longer in the ancient household channel, and was no more about their own daily occupations; they were spectators eagerly looking from the windows at nearly a dozen different conflicts, earnestly concerned, and deeply sympathetic, but not in the strife themselves.

Louis had entered Mr. Foggo's office; it seemed a strange destination for the young man. He did not tell any one how small a remuneration he received for his labors, nor how he contrived to live in the little room, in the second floor of one of those Islington houses. He succeeded in existing—that was

enough—and Louis did not chafe at his restrained and narrow life, by reason of having all his faculties engaged and urgent in a somewhat fanciful mode of securing the knowledge which he longed for concerning his own birth and derivation. He had ascertained from Mr. Atheling every particular concerning the Rivers family which he knew. He had even managed to seek out some old servants once at the Hall, and with a keen and intense patience had listened to every word of a hundred aimless and inconclusive stories from these respectable authorities. He was compiling, indeed, neither more nor less than a *life* of Lord Winterbourne—a history which he endeavored to verify in every particular as he went on, and which was written with the sternest impartiality—a plain and clear record of events. Perhaps a more remarkable manuscript than that of Louis never existed; and he pursued his tale with all the zest, and much more than the excitement, of a romancer. It was a true story, of which he labored to find out every episode; and there was a powerful unity and constructive force in the one sole unvarying interest of the tale. Mr. Atheling had been moved to tell the eager youth *all* the particulars of his early acquaintance with Lord Winterbourne—and still the story grew—the object of the whole being to discover, as Louis himself said, “what child there was whom it was his interest to disgrace and defame.” The young man followed hotly upon this clue. His thoughts had not been directed yet to any thing resembling the discovery of Miss Anastasia; it had never occurred to him that his disinheritance might be absolutely the foundation of all Lord Winterbourne’s greatness; but he hovered about the question with a singular pertinacity, and gave his full attention to it. Inspired by this, he did not consider his meagre meal, his means so narrow that it was the hardest matter in the world to eat daily bread. He pursued his story with a concentration of purpose

which the greatest poet in existence might have envied. He was a great deal too much in earnest to think about the sentences in which he recorded what he learnt. The consequence was, that this memoir of Lord Winterbourne was a model of terse and pithy English—an unexampled piece of biography. Louis did not say a word about it to any one, but pursued his labor and his inquiry together, vainly endeavoring to find out a trace of some one whom he could identify with himself.

Meanwhile, Papa began to complain grievously of his long abandonment, and, moved by Louis on one side and by his own discomfort on the other, became very decided in his conviction that there was no due occasion for the absence of his family. There was great discontent in No. 10 Bellevue, and there was an equal discontent, rather more overpowering, and quite as genuine, in the Old Wood Lodge, where Mamma and Marian vied with each other in anxiety, and thought no cause sufficiently important to keep them any longer from home. Agnes expressed no opinion either on one side or the other; she was herself somewhat disturbed and unsettled, thinking a great deal more about the Rector than was at all convenient, or to her advantage. After that piece of controversy the Rector began to come rather often to the Lodge. He never said a word again touching that one brief breath of warfare, yet they eyed each other distrustfully, with a mutual consciousness of what had occurred, and might occur again. It was not a very lover-like point of union, yet it was a secret link of which no one else knew. Unconsciously it drew Agnes into inferences and implications, which were spoken at the Rector; and unconsciously it drew him to more sympathy with common trials, and a singular inclination to experiment, as Agnes had bidden him, with her sublime talisman—that sole Name given under heaven, which has power to touch into universal brotherhood the whole universal heart of man.

CHAPTER XIV.—NEWS.

WHILE the Lodge remained in this ferment of suspense and uncertainty, Miss Anastasia had taken her measures for its defence and preservation. It was wearing now towards the end of October, and winter was setting in darkly. There was no more than a single rose at a time now upon the porch, and these roses looked so pale, pathetic, and solitary, that it was rather sad than pleasant to see the lonely flowers. On one of the darkest days of the month, when they were all rather more listless than usual, Miss Anastasia’s well-known equipage drew up at the gate. They all hailed it with some

pleasure. It was an event in the dull day and discouraging atmosphere. She came in with her loud cheerful voice, her firm step, her energetic bearing—and even the pretty *fiancée* Marian raised her pretty stooping shoulders, and woke up from her fascinated musing. Rachel alone drew shyly towards the door; she had not overcome a timidity very nearly approaching fear, which she always felt in presence of Miss Anastasia. She was the only person who ever entered this house who made Rachel remember again her life at the Hall.

“I came to show you a letter from your

boy; read it while I talk to the children," said Miss Rivers. Mrs. Atheling took the letter with some nervousness; she was a little fluttered, and lost the sense of many of the expressions; yet lingered over it, notwithstanding, with pride and exultation. She longed very much to have an opportunity of showing it to Agnes; but that was not possible; so Mrs. Atheling made a virtuous attempt to preserve in her memory every word that her son said. This was Charlie's letter to his patroness:

"MADAM,—I have not made very much progress yet. The courier, Jean Monti, is to be heard of as you suggested; but it is only known on the road that he lives in Switzerland, and keeps some sort of inn in one of the mountain villages. No more as yet; but I will find him out. I have to be very cautious at present, because I am not yet well up in the language. The town is a ruinous place, and I cannot get the parish registers examined as one might do in England. There are several families of decayed nobles in the immediate neighborhood, and, so far as I can hear, *Giulietta* is a very common name. Travelling Englishmen, too, are so frequent that there is a good deal of difficulty. I am rather inclined to fix upon the villa *Remori*, where there are said to have been several English marriages. It has been an extensive place, but is now broken down, decayed, and neglected; the family have a title, and are said to be very handsome, but are evidently very poor. There is a mother and a number of daughters, only one or two grown up; I try to make acquaintance with the children. The father died early, and had no brothers. I think possibly this might be the house of *Giuletta*, as there is no one surviving to look after the rights of her children, did she really belong to this family. Of course, any relatives she had, with any discretion, would have inquired out her son in England; so I incline to think she may have belonged to the villa *Remori*, as there are only women there.

"I have to be very slow on account of my Italian—this, however, remedies itself every day. I shall not think of looking for Monti till I have finished my business here, and am on my way home. The place is unprosperous and unhealthy, but it is pretty, and rather out of the way—few travellers came, they tell me, till within ten years ago; but I have not met with any one yet whose memory carried back at all clearly for twenty years. A good way out of the town, near the lake, there is a kind of mausoleum which interests me a little, not at all unlike the family tomb at Winterbourne; there is no name upon it; it lies quite out of the way,

and I cannot ascertain that any one has ever been buried there; but something may be learned about it, perhaps, by-and-by.

"When I ascertain any thing of the least importance, I shall write again.

"Madam,

"Your obedient servant,

"CHARLES ATHELING."

Charlie had never written to a lady before; he was a little embarrassed about it the first time, but this was his second epistle, and he had become a little more at his ease. The odd thing about the correspondence was, that Charlie did not express either hopes or opinions; he did not say what he expected, or what were his chances of success—he only reported what he was doing; any speculation upon the subject, more especially at this crisis, would have been out of Charlie's way.

"What do you call your brother when you write to him?" asked Miss Anastasia abruptly, addressing Rachel.

Rachel colored violently; she had so nearly forgotten her old system—her old representative character—that she was scarcely prepared to answer such a question. With a mixture of her natural manner and her assumed one, she answered at last, in considerable confusion, "We call him Louis; he has no other name."

"Then he will not take the name of Rivers?" said Miss Anastasia, looking earnestly at the shrinking girl.

"We have no right to the name of Rivers," said Rachel, drawing herself up with her old dignity, like a little queen. "My brother is inquiring who we are. We never belonged to Lord Winterbourne."

"Your brother is inquiring? So!" said Miss Anastasia; "and he is perfectly right. Listen, child—tell him this from me—do you know what Atheling means? It means noble, illustrious, royally born. In the old Saxon days the princes were called Atheling. Tell your brother that Anastasia Rivers bids him bear this name."

This address entirely confused Rachel, who remained gazing at Miss Rivers blankly, unable to say any thing. Marian stirred upon her chair with sudden eagerness, and put down her needlework, gazing also, but after quite a different fashion, in Miss Anastasia's face. The old lady caught the look of both, but only replied to the last.

"You are startled, are you, little beauty? Did you never hear the story of Margaret Atheling, who was an exile, and a saint, and a queen? My child, I should be very glad to make sure that you were a true Atheling too."

Marian was not to be diverted from her

curiosity by any such observation. She cast a quick look from Miss Rivers to her mother, who was pondering over Charlie's letter, and from Mrs. Atheling to Agnes, who had not been startled by the strange words of Miss Anastasia; and suspicion, vague and unexplainable, began to dawn in Marian's mind.

"The autumn assizes begin to-day," said Miss Anastasia with a little triumph; "too soon, as Mr. Temple managed it, for your case to have a hearing; it must stand over till the spring now—six months—by that time, please God, we shall be ready for them. Agnes Atheling, how long is it since you began to deaf and blind?"

Agnes started with a little confusion, and made a hurried inarticulate answer. There was a little quiet quarrel all this time going on between Agnes and Miss Rivers; neither the elder lady nor the younger was quite satisfied—Agnes feeling herself something

like a conspirator, and Miss Anastasia a little suspicious of her, as a disaffected person in the interest of the enemy. But Mamma by this time had come to an end of Charlie's letter, and, folding it up very slowly, gave it back to its proprietor. The good mother did not feel at all comfortable to keep this information altogether to herself.

"It is not to be tried till spring!" said Mrs. Atheling, who had caught this observation. "Then, I think, indeed, Miss Rivers, we must go home."

And, to Mamma's great comfort, Miss Anastasia made no objection. She said kindly that she should miss her pleasant neighbors. "But what may be in the future, girls, no one knows," said Miss Rivers, getting up abruptly. "Now, however, before this storm comes on, I am going home."

COUNT DE MORNAY'S MARRIAGE—TROUBLE WITH AN AMERICAN LADY.—HORACE VERNET.—

Paris, Thursday, Feb. 5, 1857.—The French Ambassador to St. Petersburg is likely to meet serious annoyances to his peace of mind on his return to Paris. I am assured of the fact that the Count was really promised in marriage to the young lady of New-York whose name I have already given you, and that the marriage gifts of the bride were in course of preparation at the moment of the Count's departure for St. Petersburg. The news of the Count's marriage to a young Russian princess naturally fell upon the American family with great astonishment, and explanations were demanded. The Count's excuse was, I learn, that the Emperor—still copying after his uncle—had prohibited the American marriage. This was no doubt true, for Napoleon has no object in forming alliances by marriage with the United States, while on the other hand he has great reason for wishing such alliances with Russia. Moreover, if he did wish alliances with the United States, he could not make them in this way, for children are never sold there for political purposes, and such unions are of no influence. The Countess de Mornay, it is said, occupies the same position in her genealogical bearings to her paternity as does her husband the Count—her father is a myth. But she has this advantage of her husband, that she has the reputation of being the daughter of an Emperor, and he no less a personage the deceased Czar Nicholas.

While the Emperor's command may justify the Count in his own conscience, it does not justify him before the world, and I am told that the enraged father of the young American lady, shielded as the Count is by his high position from an attack before a tribunal of justice, intends to seek upon him a summary vengeance *a l'Américaine*. He would have in this the sympathy of the public, since the higher the

position the greater is the offence of a violated contract.

But this is not the only trouble that awaits the Ambassador's arrival at Paris. Everybody knows the Count's long connection with the Countess Leh—, of the Champs Elysées, of their brilliant stock-jobbing operations together, of their magnificent fortunes, which grew up together in the same enterprises, of the Count's paternal care over the family. It appears that there were promises here also that the Count's marriage at St. Petersburg violates, and that he is not only threatened with a suit on his return, but with certain disclosures which will make his political position a hot one to sit in. So you see the Count's marital bed is not a bed of roses.

Speaking of the revelation of political secrets, it is said that the deceased Princess De Lieven has left behind a volume of memoirs on the men and events of the last thirty years in France, Russia, and England, which is going to astonish the political world. Her *intimate* correspondence is the most extended of that of any individual of the epoch in which we live, and embraces, besides the names of several sovereigns, those of Wellington, Metternich, Canning, and Palmerston. Her most intimate friend during the last fifteen years of her life, M. Guizot, is charged with the preparation and publication of these Memoirs, and it requires a man of the ability of M. Guizot to accomplish so delicate a task.

The departure of M. Vernet for the United States is announced. It is reported here that the work demanded of the illustrious painter will occupy him about six months, for which he is to receive the sum of two hundred thousand dollars! This, with the sums he will, no doubt, receive for portraits, will make him a handsome fortune before his return. It is a great thing to have a name.—*From a Paris Correspondent of the Times.*

Part of an article in Chambers' Journal.
SCIENCE AND ARTS FOR FEBRUARY.

AMONG the papers read at the evening meetings of the Society of Arts, one on the Natural Resources of British Honduras, by the colonial Chief-justice Temple, made known many new particulars concerning the colony as to climate and productions, from which we gather that scarcity of mahogany is not to be feared for a long time to come.

Talking about Honduras reminds us of a new yam, as it is called, which has been sent from Mexico to the Académie at Paris. It is of prodigious size—2 mètres 51 centimètres long, 89 centimètres circumference, and weighs 86 kilogrammes. Some of the academicians say it is rather a rhizome than a root; not a yam, but a hitherto undetermined vegetable, perhaps a *dioscorea*—a question to be settled by botanists. In Mexico, as we are informed, it is not at all uncommon for the roots to grow to a length of four mètres. They are a palatable article of food notwithstanding their size.

Mr. Palliser's project for exploring the Saskatchewan and the passes of the Rocky Mountains, is recommended by the Geographical Society. If we are to purge our towns and counties of rogues and desperadoes by transporting them to Vancouver's Island,* a practicable route across the continent of America to the northwest becomes a desideratum. And among subjects brought forward at recent meetings of the Society are—the desirability of constructing a railway from the northwest coast to Hudson's Bay—a scheme for an exploration of the Orinoco, and on the progress of the North Australian exploring expedition. The last published volume of the Society's *Journal* contains numerous interesting papers: Markham, on the Sources of the Purus; Cadell, On the Navigation of the Murray; Bollaert, On Coal in Chile, &c. And as regards Africa, Dr. Livingstone's discoveries are to be followed up, and another expedition is to be sent to penetrate the interior up the Quorra and Tchadda. Apropos of Dr. Livingstone:

* This is the first place in which Vancouver's Island is spoken of, as if set apart for this purpose. We have seen it before, coupled with the remark that both Canada and the United States might object to a colony of convicts so near them. We had supposed that the Falkland Islands would be selected for this purpose. The whole matter is worth the attention of Secretary Cass.—*Living Age*.

Edinburgh acknowledges his merits by conferring on him the freedom of the city; Glasgow has offered this honor; and in London a testimonial, set on foot by an animated public meeting at the Mansion-house, is growing into a solid subscription. In a testimonial so well deserved, all classes may cheerfully unite.

The Hakluyt Society are continuing their useful publications, chiefly of early voyages and travels never before published, reprints of old editions; and in this way a series of works, hitherto inaccessible, is brought within reach of the scientific reader. *Russia at the Close of the Sixteenth Century* is the title of the last; and among volumes forthcoming we find, *India in the Fifteenth Century*, and, translated by Admiral Smyth, *The Travels of Girolamo Benzoni, in America, in 1542-56*. A subscription of a guinea a year entitles the members to all the works published.—Notice has at times been taken of specimens of graphic or hieroglyphic writing brought from Mexico, of a date subsequent to the Spanish conquest: Mr. Squier has read a paper thereupon before the Royal Society of Literature, in which he shows that these specimens are writings prepared by the earliest Spanish missionaries to impart a knowledge of the Christian faith to the Mexicans.—And while on the subject of books, we may mention here a work in two volumes, published at Paris by M. E. Bonnemère—*Histoire des Paysans*, in which the author, tracing the history of the peasantry, shows how the growth of political liberty has gradually ameliorated their condition, and how certain remarkable epochs form, as it were, a measure of their advance. The period embraced is from 1200 to 1850; but in the introduction, the history is carried back to the fiftieth year before the present era.

Since the publication of Professor J. D. Forbes' theory of the phenomena of glaciers, a notion had prevailed that the question was settled; but Messrs Tyndall and Huxley, in a paper read before the Royal Society, illustrated by ingenious experiments, make it evident that there is much to be said on the question from another point of view. Demurring to the viscous theory of glacier motion, they show that the same effects are producible by another and a different cause—a mechanical one. The operation of this

is favored by a certain plasticity of the ice, by reason of which it takes readily new forms under great pressure, as was demonstrated by experiment. A sphere of ice was compressed into a perfect lens; a small flat slab into a half-circle; and from a hemispherical mass, a complete basin was produced—all retaining their shape solid enough to be freely handled, till they melted away in the warmth of the room. Dr. Tyndall was led to the views, here sketched in the merest outline, by his researches into the origin of slaty cleavage; and having confirmed them by a visit to the Alps of Switzerland and the Tyrol, he has, conjointly with Mr. Huxley, submitted them to the judgment of scientific men in the way above mentioned, and by a lecture delivered at the Royal Institution.

A paper "On Some of the Products of Destructive Distillation of Boghead Coal," by Mr. Williams of Glasgow, read also before the Royal Society, is interesting as affording another instance of the advantages derived by industry from refined science. The products in the present case are numerous, and such as will become available in the useful arts, similarly with benzole, paraffine, &c. After the reading of the paper, the president of the Chemical Society mentioned, as an example of the progress made in researches of the kind under notice, that aniline—a compound of the benzole series—which a short time since could only be obtained in what was considered a large quantity—a few ounces at a time—is now obtained at the rate of thirty-five gallons a day, and used in the dyeing of silk. New applications of benzole are also discovered, some of them available in domestic economy. It is preferable, as we hear, to turpentine for cleansing silk and woollen from spots of grease.

We noticed in a recent *Month*, improvements in the manufacture of sugar on the great beet-root farms in Picardy, and we now call attention to the operations carried on at Messrs. Dray & Co's beet-root farm at Farningham, near Dartford, Kent. Large quantities of the root are grown, subjected to distillation, and afterwards used to fatten sheep and cattle. To three-quarters of a ton of beets, which are sliced lengthwise by machinery in an hour, 300 gallons of wort prepared by maceration of beets to start

with, are poured on, a quart of sulphuric acid is added, and at the end of twenty-four hours, the slices are ready for distillation. Placed in iron cylinders divided into compartments, each compartment is drawn upon successively, so that there is a continuous flow of spirit until the end of the process. The spirit is said to resemble small-still whiskey; and under proper treatment, becomes what is called a neutral spirit, useful for many industrial purposes. So much success has attended the manufacture of beet-root spirit in the district around St. Cuentin and Valenciennes, that 17,000 bullocks and 140,000 sheep are fattened annually, where the number used to be 11,000 of the one and 70,000 of the other: and more corn is grown because of the increased supply of manure. It remains to be seen whether the like prosperity will attend the endeavors in Kent.

There is talk of a limited liability company to work Dr. Normandy's patent process for distilling fresh aerated water from sea-water; to be applied, we presume, in places where natural fresh water is not to be had. The efficiency of the process was tested at Heligoland, as government had an apparatus fixed to supply the German Legion when camped on the islet.—A communication addressed to the Académie at Paris shows oxygenated water to have a remarkable curative effect in cases of cholera—a fact said to be confirmatory of the evidence that absence of ozone from the atmosphere is a cause of cholera. The oxygenated water makes up the deficiency.—Messrs. Schroeder and Dusch make it apparent that meat may be kept fresh for a long time in filtered air. The filtration is effected by very simple means—namely, panels of cotton wadding to the safe or closet in which the meat is hung. Would not this method of delaying putrefaction come within the conditions prescribed by the Society of Arts in their last prize-list? Butchers' meat has risen to so extremely high a price in Paris, that there has been some talk of the imperial government undertaking to sell preserved fresh meat at a reasonable rate.

The inquiry for fibrous and oil-producing plants for manufacturing purposes, continues: Chief-justice Temple says we are as yet very imperfectly acquainted with the oleaginous products of Honduras, and Dr. Royle re-

peats his testimony in favor of India as an exhaustless field of vegetable fibre. This leads us to notice an improvement in the flax-trade—Macbride's scutching-machine—which cleans more than 500 pounds of fibre in ten hours, and when driven to the utmost will turn out 900 pounds in the same space of time. Compared with hand-labor, there is a gain of more than half in favor of the machine—at least, so say the initiated.—The United States government is sending an expedition to different places within the tropics to collect cuttings of sugar-cane, to renew the exhausted stocks in the southern States.—A bronze halfpenny, the first coinage in that metal, has just been struck for circulation in Nova Scotia.—Austria is about to send out her first naval exploring expedition round the world: Dr. Scherzer of Vienna to be chief naturalist.—Clifford's plan of lowering boats from ships under-way, or steamers at full speed, continues to bear the severest tests; as shown by a recent trial, in presence of the port-admiral and other authorities, at Portsmouth, it is equally available with a light skiff or a heavy boat. It is a mechanical contrivance which every ship-owner should at once adopt.—An American invention, patented by Mr. Reader, has been submitted to the Admiralty and the leading scientific societies. It is a "Mariner's Time Compass," which he describes as "a combination of a universal dial and chronometer, constructed to take any horizontal bearing in any latitude, at any hour of the day. It is also intended to solve practically those problems which can be solved by an armillary sphere, or by spherical trigonometry—and to supply the place of the magnetic needle." To describe the instrument without a diagram, would not be easy; in few words, it has a brass ring, a dial and compass working on gymbals; and wire standards which throw a shadow. "For taking a horizontal bearing in any latitude," says Mr. Reader, "let the hour be what it may, it is only necessary to bring the hand, with its two upright wire standards, to the true apparent time: the instrument then being turned till the hand points to the sun, gives the course. This hand is provided with a lens fixed in the centre, which takes the place of the gnomon of the universal dial, and is carried round by the chronometer once in twenty-four hours—the

focus from which being thrown on the equatorial circle gives the true time." The instrument will also show the apparent time—the altitude and latitude—the course and longitude by night when the moon is visible or the planets—and by proper adjustment, the figures 12 and 12 on the dial may be made to stand true north and south, and thus show the error or variation of the compass-needle. Although these particulars will be best understood by mariners, we are glad to assist in making generally known an instrument which is likely to be of real use in navigation. It has been tried in the Collins line of mail-steamers and on board other vessels with favorable results.

M. Porro, whose name we have more than once mentioned in connection with physical science, has invented a telescope which is as compact and portable as an eyeglass, and is found to be admirably adapted for cavalry officers and others who have to reconnoitre the distance from horseback. It consists of three prisms, of which one forms the object-glass, the second the eye-piece, and the third gives the image its true position. The cost is somewhat high, 150 francs, which is occasioned by the fact, that if the prisms are out of plane by ever so small an amount, they have to be rejected.—Dr. Bagot, thinking it of importance that more should be known of what goes on in the upper strata of the atmosphere, has exhibited to the Royal Dublin Society an instrument which he calls a nepheloscope for measuring the movement of the highest clouds.—A patent has been taken out to render wood fire-proof: the process is to steep the planks in a solution of phosphate of ammonia, and subject them afterwards to heat.—The Damasus Steel Manufacturing Company have patented a method for converting wrought iron into cast steel.—A remarkable discovery of iron ore has been made at Seend, Wiltshire, near the borders of the New Forest. It is a ferruginous sandstone, containing in some instances fifty per cent of iron. Already, about 5,000 tons have been dug out, and sent to Wales to be smelted.

Mr. Mayall's new material for photographic pictures, noticed some time ago, appears now to be improved to as near perfection as may well be. The glare of a metallic plate is objectionable in photo-

graphy, and paper, though free from glare, is also objectionable from its absorption of the middle tints, owing to its fibrous nature. By a combination of sulphate of barytes with albumen, Mr. Mayall produces a substance resembling ivory, which gives the surface required, and capability of finish. On this,

middle tints and distances come out in perfection, and a portrait can be made ready in a couple of days. The progress made in photography during the past twelvemonth may be seen to admiration in the Photographic Society's Exhibition now open in Pall Mall.

SUBSTITUTE FOR CHLOROFORM.—A new anæsthetic agent named Amylene has recently been administered by Dr. Snow in some operations performed by Mr. Fergusson and Mr. Boorman in King's College Hospital. The pain was entirely prevented in each of the cases, although neither complete stupor nor relaxation of the muscles was produced.

The patients seemed in a state of semi-consciousness during the greater part of the time; they recovered very promptly from the effects of the vapor, and there was no sickness in any of the cases, nor yet in many previous cases where Dr. Snow had administered Amylene. Mr. Fergusson, in his remarks, gave the following particulars, with which he said Dr. Snow had furnished him respecting Amylene: Amylene is made by distilling fusel oil with chloride of zinc.

Its composition is $C^{12}H^{10}$. It is a very light and volatile liquid, being only two-thirds as heavy as water, and boiling at 102° Fahr. The vapor is much less pungent than that of chloroform, although the patient breathes it in much larger quantity.

It was first discovered by Cahours, a French chemist, about fifteen years ago.

A NEW MODE OF SMOTHERING SMOKE.—At Pendleton, the small fires of a bleach work, as well as its large boiler furnace, are said to be now rid of black smoke by simply throwing over the replenishment of fuel a few spadefuls of a cheap mineral compound, which is said to absorb the carbon or blacks of the smoke and to increase the heat and flame to a brilliant white. There is no saving of cost, it appears, but the ashes are expected to have some value.

The process reminds one of the practice amongst cooks of sprinkling salt over a smoky fire to give it a clear flame, and also of the intensification of heat in fires by means of fire clay balls, or lumps of chalk. Doubtless the substance used acts, mainly, in its pulverulent state, by entangling the blacks and accumulating the heat in a way quite practicable with various earthly substances, not impregnated with poisonous volatiles, easily attainable in all parts of the country, and not restricted to any one district or mineral alone.

PRESERVATION OF SURFACES LIABLE TO DAMP AND DECAY.—The preservation of the bottoms of iron ships from oxidation, and the adhesion of weeds, shell-fish, and the mass of foreign matter held in suspension by the waters of the deep,

has always afforded much matter for consideration and concern. Since iron has so largely superseded wood as a material for naval architecture, the interest felt in the question has, of course, correspondingly increased. Indeed, it has become in the very highest degree important that we should have the means of effectually screening the bottom plates of our vessels from the ravages inflicted upon them when exposed to the action of the sea in an unprotected condition. The preservative composition, patented by Mr. J. E. Cook of Greenock, seems to afford all the protection which is to be expected under the circumstances which we have named, and its use is rapidly spreading amongst iron shipowners. Besides this special application, the composition is extensively available as a preservative in a vast variety of other situations. A thin coat of it prevents the efflorescence of salt from strong brine; keeps out damp when applied to oil-painted work, Roman cement, and brickwork, and effectually shields exposed stonework from the trying actions of varying temperatures, and the alternations and severities of the weather. It is also particularly useful as a coating over the plaster of rooms of houses, where paper is to be laid on. Builders of houses will see that this adaptation is certainly a great boon.

ROBERTS' BRICK-MAKING MACHINE.—The coarsest material, it is said, can be made into pressed bricks or tiles by Mr. John Roberts' invention. There is a circular track on which are fixed a series of cast-iron moulds at regular intervals, and a roller, which may vary in weight from one to ten tons, moves round on the track, by steam, or other power. This roller, or wheel, is connected with a beam, which is moved in the frame by means of a shaft and cog-wheel. The clay or brick earth is filled into the moulds, and the roller presses it firmly in. The wheel is followed by a scraper, which removes any excess from the surface of the moulds, a smaller roller acting as a balance, to prevent the scraper from rising. On a pressing-plate, attached by hinges to the moulds, any design can be cast or engraved. This plate is turned down upon the clay in the moulds, and the wheel passes over it a second time, and raises the manufactured bricks from the moulds. Bricks of any pattern, it is said, can be manufactured by this machine, and any design can be readily impressed upon them. Encaustic tiles, or tesserae, by slight modifications, can be also made.

From The Examiner.

Memoirs of Rear-Admiral Sir W. Edward Parry, Kt., F.R.S., &c., late Lieut.-Governor of Greenwich Hospital. By his Son, the Rev. Edward Parry, M.A., of Balliol College, Oxford, and late Tutor in the University of Durham. Longman and Co.

WILLIAM EDWARD PARRY, born a week before Christmas in the year 1790, was the fourth son of Dr. Parry, of Bath, a physician of high standing. His mother was a granddaughter of Dr. Taylor, of Norwich. The boy, who always was called Edward, was sound in health, gentle and brave by disposition, an apt scholar. He had from the first a decided love of music, and at four years old—a handsome boy with golden curls and a dark hazel eye—he would catch any air after hearing it, and would sing Rule Britannia with all the spirit of a man. When but a year older, and at play in the house of an indulgent lady, he was discovered in the library astride on a large globe. "What Edward!" said his hostess, "are you riding on the globe?" "O yes," he replied. "How I should like to go round it." His family remembered fondly such an incident as this when he became a famous sailor, and at this day it is remembered when the northernmost and southernmost known land upon the globe has been named after Edward Parry.

Parry was educated in the Grammar School at Bath, where he was attentive to his studies, and at the same time active in all boyish sports. He acquired a good schoolboy knowledge of the Greek and Latin languages, and was stout enough of limb at twelve years old to thrash a bully of fifteen. It was the intention of his father to educate the son Edward for a physician, but it happened that an intimate friend of the Parrys at Bath was a Miss Cornwallis, nearly related to Admiral Cornwallis, who in 1803 commanded the Channel Fleet off Brest. Miss Cornwallis believed that Edward had every quality most to be sought in sailors, and if he went to sea, had influence that would suffice to set him afloat comfortably. When asked what was his own choice of a profession, he declared himself simply ready to obey any wish of his parents. He had not only never seen a line-of-battle ship, but he was in the fourteenth year of his age, and had never seen the sea, when in June,

1803, through the kindness of Admiral Cornwallis, he was appointed a volunteer of the first class on board the *Ville de Paris*, then going out as flag-ship to the fleet watching the coast of France.

An old servant of the family took Edward Parry to his ship at Plymouth, where, once on board, he found every thing new, and every thing delightful. He observed a sailor coming down the rigging, and straightway, upon the impulse of his vigorous youth, sprang forward and clambered to the mast-head. When he came down, the seamen gathered round him, and declared that he was "a fine fellow and a true sailor, every inch of him."

And so he was. Here is his life told by his son, with a simplicity worthy of the subject, in one volume of unpretending size. It is the story of a man who never flinched from duty, never under any sort of trial repined at his lot; of a man who delighted in the recognition of all goodness, and never once in his life thought of asserting his own dignity with angry words; who was true to his own home, true to his country, true to his God, and who, while he followed a right path with modesty, was to be turned out of it by no false shame. His first report home, on joining ship, was not of discomforts on shipboard, but—"you cannot think how many little conveniences there are on board a ship, which you would not suppose there could be." The Admiral and Captain, he reported, "are always doing something to make me comfortable," and he spoke with enthusiasm of one of the lieutenants, the Hon. Charles Powys, who had "left nothing undone to make him happy," taught him seamanship, read English and Latin with him, and was a prop and support to him in his first setting out. Mr. Powys died a few months later of fever in the West Indies, and Parry lost a friend, "of whom," he wrote, "when I think, and while I write, my heart as well as my eyes are brimfull." Under the chaplain of the ship, young Parry prosecuted indefatigably those studies of French, mathematics, navigation, &c., which especially pertained to his profession, kept up his Greek and Latin, and maintained home ties by loving letters with fond correspondents so industriously, that "Parry's letters" grew into a sort of byword in the ship. There was but a slight brush with the

French in 1805, and when, in 1806, he left the Ville de Paris, Admiral Cornwallis wrote of him: "Parry is a fine, steady lad. I never knew any one so generally approved of. He will receive civility and kindness from all while he continues to conduct himself as he has done, which, I dare believe, will be as long as he lives."

In his next ship, the Tribune, the young sailor was happy as a midshipman, working actively, seeing good in every body, firm to his home ties, and mindful of the religion taught him at his mother's knee. In expectation of a battle, he wrote to his parents: "I assure you, that whenever I may go into action, I shall never do so thoughtlessly. I shall always carry in my mind who is my protector and friend; whilst my body is doing my duty as an officer, my heart shall be raised much higher, and shall be secretly (at least to the world) imploring a blessing from my heavenly Father."

At the age of seventeen Parry was in his first command, as prize-master on board a French vessel loaded with salted sardines and French wines. He and his crew feasted on sardines till they were obliged to fly for relief to the wines. At the age of eighteen he removed with his Captain to the Vanguard, spent Christmas at Bath, and after rejoining his vessel still wrote home that he was very happy. A new captain took command of his ship, but to the new captain, as to the old, young Parry soon became attached by feelings of respect and gratitude. The next summer was spent in the Baltic, where it was no easy matter for the British men of war to protect merchantmen from being snapped up by the Danish gunboats. There was much scraping of fiddles, and blowing of horns and flutes, in idle hours on board ship. Parry's love of music made him pertinacious in his practising, and he received as a compliment the remark of a senior officer, that he constantly heard from below the notes of many fiddles and one violin. There was a consumptive young lieutenant, fatherless and motherless, who used to accompany Parry on the flute, and play with him constantly the Sicilian Mariner's Hymn. "It was played," wrote Parry to Bath, "at the burial of one or both his parents. I could see the tears gush from his eyes as we were playing it, and he was obliged to leave off. I could not help keep-

ing him company in the latter part of his performance." Characteristic of the brave young sailor's temper also was the extreme pleasure taken by him in the poetry of Cowper.

According to the regulations of the service, nineteen was the earliest age at which a lieutenant's commission could be held, but it was usual for many midshipmen, if possible, to call their ages nineteen as soon as they had completed duly the six years of service. Parry's years of service expired several months before he reached his nineteenth birthday, and he was athletic and manly in his appearance, but he would not say what was untrue. In the same spirit he abstained from following a common custom of overstaying the allotted time when absent upon leave. Companions much under age obtained commissions and laughed at his scruples. "They tell me," he said, "I could certainly pass for nineteen or more if I chose to try; all this I know very well, but there is so much to be said in opposition to it which seems much more sensible, that they may as well say nothing more about it." A fortnight after he had completed the required age of nineteen he duly passed, and, obtaining his commission two days afterwards, became Lieutenant Parry.

In a month more he had again started for the Baltic, in the Alexandria, with a picture of his ship, drawn by the hand of some dear companion, hung up in his cabin. In the year following he was, in the same ship, placed upon the Leith station, for the protection of the Spitzbergen whale fishery, and in the course of the two years spent upon this duty, landed on Lapland, and for the first time sailed through fields of ice. At this time he was paying great attention to astronomy, and published soon afterwards the result of his observations in a small volume on *Nautical Astronomy*. "I have seen," he says, "two or three books on the subject, but from the manner their authors have treated it, they must have considered their readers as so many Herschels. They take so much knowledge for granted, that, if the learner possesses it in reality, he will not thank them for their instruction."

Having missed accidentally the opportunity of obtaining promotion through a friend's good offices, and regarded his disappointment quietly as "one of the innumera-

ble means which an unseen Providence employs to educe great good from little evils," he was sent to join H.M.S. *La Hogue* (74), then at Halifax, and arrived at Halifax on the day after the action between the *Shannon* and the *Chesapeake*. On the American coast the most notable adventure in which Parry had part was a successful boat expedition up the river Connecticut for the destruction of several privateers which were almost ready for sea. As the war flagged, Parry's expectations of promotion became weaker, but he stayed behind when his ship left, and as ship after ship left, much as he longed for home, he moved into other ships that stayed, in order that by continuance on active duty he might have a better chance of winning a step forward in the service. After all, when he returned to England in his twenty-seventh year, summoned home by the illness of his father, who was for the next six years to live afflicted with a palsy, the desired promotion had not come.

But Lieutenant Parry did not know how to be idle. The close of the war shut out prospect of active service in one direction, but the travels of Clapperton suggested a new field of enterprise, and from his station on the coast of America, Parry had written to express his readiness to join an expedition that was to explore the river Congo. After his return to England, being twenty-seven years old, he wrote to a friend on the subject, and had not posted his letter when a paragraph in a newspaper about a proposed Arctic expedition caught his attention. He seized his pen and put as postscript to his letter: "Hot or cold is all one to me; Africa or the Pole." The letter with this postscript was shown to Mr. Barrow, the Secretary of the Admiralty, who was especially concerned in promoting arctic discovery, and in a few days Lieutenant—still Lieutenant—Parry was appointed to the command of the Alexander discovery ship, under the orders of Sir John Ross, in the *Isabella*, and sent by way of Baffin's Bay to look for the Northwest Passage.

Sir John Ross, as it is well known, led the way down Lancaster Sound, fancied that he saw the way blocked with Croker Mountains, and turned back from open water. Parry was sorely disappointed, but made no comment whatever in his journal. Comment enough was made at home, however; Lieu-

tenant Parry's private convictions became known, and tallied with the feeling at the Admiralty; and a new expedition was sent out, with Parry in the *Hecla* as its chief, and instructions to begin by trying to sail over Croker Mountains. Still there was no promotion, but, said the brave Arctic sailor, "When I look at the *Hecla* and at the chart of Lancaster Sound, O, what is promotion to this!"

Parry was twenty-nine years old when he set out with the *Hecla* and *Griper* on that voyage, during which all the fine qualities of his nature were displayed, not only for the immediate happiness of his men, but for their permanent advantage, during a detention of ten months in winter quarters. He sailed over the Croker Mountains, discovered and named Barrow's Straits, Wellington Channel, and Melville Island. The brilliant results of the voyage and the many sterling qualities displayed in it by its commander made Parry famous. He obtained his promotion, received freedom of cities, gold and silver medals of societies, was elected F.R.S. "Even," he said, "strangers in the coffee-room introduce themselves and beg to shake hands with me." The proud father, at Bath, revised the book in which was published by order of the Admiralty the narrative of this most famous voyage to Melville Island.

Then followed the voyage with the *Fury* and *Hecla*, more wintering, and the discovery of the strait named after those ships. On the return from this voyage Parry received news of his father's death. He took his dispatches to London, where a sister, married since his departure, met him, and found him painfully depressed, unable to speak or eat. His mother nursed him back to health, and after recovery his first thought was to write his friend John Franklin words of affectionate admiration, for he had recently come home from his perilous journey with Sir John Richardson, across the northern wilds of America to the shores of the frozen sea. Franklin and Parry had begun their lives as arctic heroes in the same year. When Lieutenant Parry went out as second to Sir John Ross, Lieutenant Franklin, who was four years Parry's senior, went out as second to Captain Buchan. They were warm friends from the first and to the last. With Lieutenant Franklin, Parry

said, soon after their first introduction to each other, "I have had a good deal of conversation, and I think him the most clever man of our cloth, as far as I can yet judge, with whom I have conversed for some time." Among Parry's treasured memorials was found, after his death, one with the indorsement, "Dear Franklin's last letter to me, July 10th, 1845."

As soon as he had completed twelve months' service as commander, Parry was made a Post Captain, and soon afterwards was appointed Hydrographer to the Admiralty, with the understanding that the post was not to detain him from the conducting of another arctic voyage. The next voyage was the third and last, the least fortunate but not the least worthy. He was the idol of the seamen. "I have known him," says one who has acted as his steward, "pass hour after hour on the spike plank without going below, in all weathers, often for hours together taking no refreshment but a glass of lemonade with one teaspoonful of rum in it. I was often very nearly doubling the allowance, but, thinks I, he is sure to find me out, he's so sharp, and then he'll never trust me again, which I couldn't bear." Captain Parry was not thirty-five years old when he returned from his third voyage, with all his honors as an arctic discoverer won. Half a life-time was before him, during no part of which was he content simply to repose on his laurels.

His piety had by this time assumed what his biographer calls a more expanded and enlightened form. He had read the New Testament within two years seven times through, and his religion, without being less pure or practical, became more doctrinal in its expression. He attended May Meetings at Exeter Hall, and, if his speech at the Bible Society was sneered at in the Hydrographer's office, he could write—and with the soul of a man far above cant—"O, how insignificant does all within these walls appear, when the imagination turns, but for a moment, to the assembled hosts of heaven, and men, and angels." Words like these have often been uttered without sincerity or becoming earnestness, even at May Meetings. It was not so that Parry pronounced them.

He proved his manliness by yet another bold advance towards the north, of which the object was to reach the very Pole itself.

At the age of thirty-six Captain Parry, having married the fourth daughter of Sir John Stanley of Alderley, took with him a flag embroidered by his bride, which he hoped not to unfurl until he stood over the North Pole. The wonderful journey of Parry and his men northwards, over ice that floated southward with them, as they persevered upon their toilsome march, need not here be detailed. In spite of every obstacle they reached the highest latitude ever attained, 82 deg. 45 min.

On his return home a fresh burst of enthusiastic admiration from his countrymen greeted the Arctic hero, and when in the following autumn he spent a short holiday upon the continent, in France, Belgium, and Holland, every man honored him; every house and building was thrown open to him; and in no instance was his travelling luggage examined, or even opened, on the various frontiers. Soon after his return home his first child died suddenly. "I know few things," he said afterwards, "so hard for flesh and blood to bear as the loss of a first dear child."

After a few more months Parry was knighted, and received, in company with his friend Franklin, the honorary degree of D.C.L. at Oxford. The Australian Agricultural Company desired to send an able and influential commissioner to superintend its mismanaged settlement in New South Wales. Parry, with the consent of the Admiralty, accepted the appointment, and set out with his wife to dwell with a small staff of officials for four years among Australians of the bush, and convicts assigned by England to the Company. He took with him Franklin's congratulation,—the congratulation of one high-minded man to another,—upon "the wide field he would have for the exercise of Christian virtues," and upon the full experience he would have of the happiness of doing good to those about him.

Parry's age when he first landed in Australia was thirty-nine. In his new field of action he had stubborn and ignorant men to influence, but his noble energy was sure to triumph in the end. He formed a cricket club among the convicts, some of them men from his own county, sometimes played with them, established little festivals that touched their hearts, and at which he and his wife

now and then danced with them, sat by their sick beds, pitied and admonished, and exercised the influence of a true Christian upon them. When, advancing farther, he fitted up a little carpenter's shop as a place of public worship, and himself performed the duties of their pastor, he did not preach in vain. "His manner," said Mr. Ebsworth, his assistant in the colony, "his manner in conducting the services of the church was remarkable. I scarcely ever heard the liturgy read with so much reverence, feeling, and apparent delight. He seemed at home the moment he entered the reading-desk, and when reading some more than usually solemn parts of a sermon, it was quite overpowering." Mr. Ebsworth relates the course of a day at Sir Edward's house in that far colony from the early morning, when "it was quite enlivening, when all were well, to hear his footsteps as he came from the nursery, singing and whistling in the highest degree of delight," to the evening, when the elders of the family sat on the lawn under a castor-oil tree, while the children played upon the grass, and Mr. Ebsworth exclaimed in the fulness of his heart, "I never saw such happiness, nor do I ever expect to see it again in this world." Before quitting the men for whom he had been laboring, Parry built them at his own expense a church, and left a good chaplain in charge of it. After his farewell sermon Colonel Dumaresq said to Mr. Ebsworth, "I have travelled a great deal during my life, and have mixed much with men, but" (pointing to Sir Edward, who was walking a short distance in front) "in all my travels I never met with his equal."

The single-hearted laborer returned to England at the close of the year 1834, and Parry then, though only forty-four years old, felt the weaknesses of age stealing upon him. While he lived, however, he would work. In the year following he was one of more than a thousand candidates for the new office of Assistant Poor-law Commissioner, received the appointment, and devoted himself with his usual earnestness of purpose to the acquisition of the knowledge necessary to the due fulfilment of his duty. It was a part of his work to travel a hundred and sixty miles every quarter, chiefly in a gig. Health was at last giving way under the pressure of incessant labor; medical men

declared that total rest of body and mind had become absolutely necessary. The appointment was resigned, the rest was taken, but was broken by the outbreak of scarlet fever in Sir Edward's family, the death of his eldest daughter, and the illness within seven weeks of thirteen persons in his household. "You may imagine, therefore," he writes in a familiar letter, "what a hospital our house has been, and, as Lady Parry has herself been confined to her bed during most of the time, the visiting of every room, and the dispensing of all the medicines, fell upon myself."

We meant only to have shown evidence of Parry's character, and have been led from point to point till we have almost told his life. It is not necessary to pursue the details, for all was consistent to the end. He never became "weary in well-doing;" he never flinched because of misconstruction, though a man of so affectionate a nature must have felt much natural pain when misconstrued. As to the further current of his outward fortune, it is enough to add that he was married twice, that he received the successive appointments of Comptroller of Steam Machinery (in 1827), Captain Superintendent of the Royal Clarence Yard and of the Naval Hospital at Haslar (in 1846), and Lieutenant-Governor of Greenwich Hospital (at the close of 1853), and that on a summer Sunday, in the year 1855, after some months of illness that begun with an attack of cholera, he closed his useful and glorious life.

We have dwelt at some length upon the career of Sir Edward Parry, because it is one of which Englishmen have just cause to be proud, and with the details of which it is well to be familiar. For this reason, too, we are glad that his son has had the good taste to write the story of it briefly and simply, in a volume not too long to be read through, and not too dear to be bought by a multitude of readers. The Rev. Edward Parry writes, indeed, with the predilections of an evangelical clergyman, but not without considerable skill and taste. His sketch of the aspect of the Polar seas, the prelude to those chapters which contain the spirit of his father's voyages, is, as a piece of description, very good, and from the first page to the last the gentle temper of the father animates the writing of the son.

From Chambers' Journal.

AT THE HOTEL DESSIN.

"What, will you walk with me about the town,
And then go to mine inn and dine?"

Comedy of Errors.

"To the Hôtel Dessin," said I, putting the book in my pocket.

I deny that I am romantic; I deny, unequivocally, that I am influenced by fictitious sympathies. I never was an idealist in my life; I never mean to be one; and yet I told the coachman to drive me to the Hôtel Dessin.

The fact was, that I had been reading the *Sentimental Journey* all the way from St. Omer; and when I reached Calais, and jumped into a *fiacre*, the name rose to my lips almost before I was aware of it. So away we rattled through a tangle of gloomy little streets, and into the court-yard of "mine inn."

An aristocratic-looking elderly waiter, with a ring and a massive gold watch-chain, sauntered out from a side-office, surveyed me patronizingly, and said in the blandest tone:

"What is it that monsieur desires?"

"A private room to begin with. At what hour is your table d'hôte?"

"We have no table d'hôte at the Hôtel Dessin," replied the waiter languidly; "our visitors are served in their apartments."

"Then let me have a dinner as speedily as possible, and a good one, remember."

He looked at me again, as if implying that my tone was not sufficiently deferential—yawned, rang a feeble little bell, and sank, exhausted, upon a bench beside the door. A pretty chamber-maid attended the summons.

"Marie, conduct monsieur to one of the vacant rooms on the corridor by the garden. And, Marie, on thy return, my child, bring me a glass of absinthe and water."

Leaving this gentleman extended on the bench in an ostentatious state of ennui, I followed the neat little feet and ankles of my conductress upstairs and along a passage full of doors. One of these bore an inscription which at once arrested my attention and my footsteps—STERNE'S ROOM.

"Stay, mademoiselle!" I exclaimed; "can I have this one?"

Marie smiled and shrugged her shoulders.

"Certainly," she said, unlocking the door.

"The chamber is at monsieur's service. The

English adore it. And why? Because somebody or other slept in it many years ago. How droll they are, these English! Comment! is monsieur English? Ciel! what a mistake I have committed. Monsieur will never forgive me."

It needed, however, no great amount of protestation on my part to convince Mademoiselle Marie that I was not in the least affronted; so she drew up the blinds, dusted the table in a pretty ineffectual sort of way with the corner of her little apron, hoped that monsieur would ring if he required any thing, and tripped gaily out of the room.

As for me, I threw myself into a chair and surveyed my new quarters. A portrait of Sterne hung over the fireplace. It was painted on panel, oval-shaped, dark with age and varnish, and looked as though it had been taken during his visit to Calais—if one might judge by the cracks and stains of it. The cheek rested on the hand; the eyes were turned full upon me with that expression of keen penetration which characterizes every one of his portraits. I sat for a long time looking at it, till the waiter came and prepared the table.

"And now, garçon," said I, after a considerable interval, during which I had been very satisfactorily employed—"and now, garçon, do you really mean to tell me that this is Sterne's room?"

"Upon my honor, monsieur," replied the waiter, laying his hand upon his heart.

"But how can you be certain after three-quarters of a century, or perhaps more, have gone by?"

"The event, monsieur," said the waiter, "has been preserved in the archives of the house. We pledge ourselves to the veracity of the statement."

I surveyed the man with admiration. He was the grandest waiter I had ever seen in my life, and I had had some little experience, too.

"What wine does monsieur desire for his dessert?"

I hesitated. Under ordinary circumstances, I should have said port or champagne; but his sublimity abashed me. I ordered a bottle of Johannisberger.

To my right lay a delicious garden, radiant with beds of verbena and scarlet geranium, and flooded with the evening sunlight.

The great trees nodded and whispered, and the windows at the opposite side of the quadrangle shone like burnished gold. I threw open the *jalousies*, wheeled my table up, plucked one of the white roses that clustered outside, and fancied I could smell the sea-air.

"And so," said I, complacently peeling my peaches, "this is actually Sterne's room! He once sat beside this casement where I am now seated; looked out into this garden, where— But who knows? Perhaps the opening scenes of the *Sentimental Journey* were even written in this chamber, and here am I with the book in my pocket. Now, this is really delightful! Yorick,"—and I poured out a glass of the amber Johannisberger, and addressed myself to the portrait over the fireplace—"Yorick, your health!"

I took the volume out, and turning the leaves idly, came to the chapters that treat of the *désobligeante*. I was decidedly in a soliloquizing mood.

"Now, if I were beginning, instead of ending my journey," said I, "there's nothing I should have preferred to the *désobligeante*. No doubt, there is one to be had somewhere. What if the identical vehicle be still in the stables! That's nonsense, of course; and yet, I should just like to make the inquiry. Yorick, your health again, and let me tell you, sir, that it's not every man who, fifty years after his decease, gets toasted in wine at seventeen francs the bottle!"

There was a tap at my door.

"A thousand pardons," observed the waiter, looking in. "Monsieur is alone?"

"Go to the mischief!" said I savagely. Fortunately it was in English, so he did not understand me.

"There are two gentlemen here, monsieur—two milords, your countrymen, who desire particularly to be permitted to see this apartment for a moment."

"An Englishman does not travel to see Englishmen," I muttered to myself, quoting page nineteen of the *Sentimental Journey*.

"Am I honored with monsieur's permission to show them up?"

I was forced to say Yes—not very graciously, I fear; and he ushered them in accordingly.

The first was a spare, eager-looking man, with keen quivering nostrils, and a brow furrowed with thought and expressive of immense determination of character. The appearance of the second was still more remarkable. I could not remove my eyes from his face, and yet I could scarcely have told you what it was that so attracted me. His forehead was broad and high; his mouth open and eloquent; his hair black, glossy, and falling in smooth pendulous masses almost to his shoulders. His eyebrows were prominent and bushy, and the eyes beneath them animated by a living radiance, alternately dreamy and tender, wild and energetic. I have since heard them compared to "the rolling of a sea with darkened lustre," and I can think of no words which better express their changefulness and their depth.

He entered last, but stepped before his friend, and stood looking up at the portrait. The other bowed and apologized to me in a few brief hesitating words for their intrusion.

Presently the second comer turned round, and without any previous recognition of my presence, said:

"I see that you two have been dining together. Has the worthy prebend been an agreeable companion?"

The oddity of the address pleased me.

"I cannot say that I have wanted for amusement," I replied smiling, "since the *Sentimental Journey* has been lying beside my plate all the time. Will you be seated?"

He needed no second invitation, but dropped indolently into an easy-chair, and lay back with his eyes still fixed on the picture; while his companion walked over to the window, and stood there, looking out, with a fidgetty uneasy countenance, as if he had seen quite enough of the room, and was more anxious to go than stay.

"I do not admire the *Sentimental Journey*," said he in the easy-chair. "It is poor sickly stuff; and the oftener you read Sterne, the more clearly will you perceive its inferiority to *Tristram Shandy*. There is truth and reality in the one, and little beyond a clever affectation in the other. But Sterne's morals were bad. His heart was bad; his life was bad. He dallied with vice, and called it sentiment, or combined it with wit, drollery, and fancy, and served it up for the amusement of the fashionable

world, whose idol he was. His mind oscillated ever on the confines of evil, and from this dangerous element he drew his 'effects,' his clap-trap, and his false whispering sensibility. There is not a page of Sterne's writings undefiled by some hint of impurity; and yet he approaches the subject with a mixture of courage and cowardice, as a man snuffs a candle with his fingers for the first time; or, better still, like that trembling darning with which a child touches a hot tea-urn—only because it has been forbidden. He is a hypocrite, because he affects to be the ally of virtue, and entertains all the while a secret sympathy with the enemy. At the same time, I don't think his hypocrisy can do much harm, or his morals either, unless to those who are already vicious."

The gentleman at the window faced round, and shook his head.

"You are seldom just to authors for whom you have no liking," he said in harsh quick tones; "and it seems to me that in this instance you jump too hastily at conclusions. It does not follow that a man is a hypocrite because his actions give the lie to his words. If he at one time seems to be a saint, and at another a sinner, he possibly is both in reality, as well as in appearance. A person may be fond of vice and of virtue too, and practice one or the other according to the temptation of the moment: a priest may be pious, and at the same time a sot or a bigot; a woman may be modest, and a rake at heart; a poet may admire the beauties of nature, and be envious of those of other writers; a moralist may act contrary to his own precepts, and yet be sincere in recommending them to others. These are indeed contradictions, but they arise out of the contradictory qualities of our nature. A man is a hypocrite only when he affects to take delight in what he does not feel, and not because he takes a perverse delight in opposite things."

"An admirable piece of metaphysical defence," said the other, whom, for the sake of distinction, I shall call the philosopher; "but one that, after all, does not go far to prove your case. Remember Sterne's neglect of his loving wife, and the heartlessness of his flirtations, and then judge how sincere may have been those tears which he snivelled so plenteously over a dead donkey at Nam-

port. Pahaw! 'tis the very mockery of virtue!"

"And a compliment to it at the same time," retorted the metaphysician. "Come, you are severe to-day, and misjudge him from an excess of manner here and there. The profoundest wisdom is sometimes combined in his pages with an outward appearance of levity; and many passages which have to bear the charge of coarseness, contain, nevertheless, a sterling view of love and charity. Think of Uncle Toby!"

"Who pitied even the devil!" said the philosopher, extending his hand indolently for the bottle of Johannisberger which I had just pushed towards him.

"Who is one of the finest tributes ever paid to human nature!" exclaimed his friend. "Why, this I will say, that Shakespeare himself never conceived a character so genial, so delicious, so unoffending! Then, again, turn to the story of *Le Fevre*: it is perhaps the finest in the English language. I cannot conceive how Goldsmith could call Sterne 'a dull fellow.' The author of the *Vicar* should have known better."

"Perhaps," said I, venturing for the first time to mingle with their conversation, "the tone of Goldsmith's mind was too thoroughly English to appreciate the glancing transitions, the poignant though artificial wit, and the extraordinary variableness of Sterne. It has always appeared to me that, although his style was so racy, so rapid, so idiomatically English, his genius and disposition inclined more towards the characteristics of the French writers."

"You mean Rabelais," said the philosopher; "and Rabelais he was, only born in a happier age, and gifted with sentiment."

"I was not alluding particularly to Rabelais," I rejoined. "I believe I was thinking more of the modern French school—of the Balzacs, Karrs, and Paul de Kocks, who can scarcely be supposed to have imitated a half-forgotten English writer of the last century." Both of my visitors looked interested, and I went on. "It is in his abrupt variations of feeling that this resemblance forces itself upon me. I find in the writers I have named, and in fifty others who are their pupils and contemporaries, the same antithetical propensity which delights in giving a comic turn to a serious passage—the same implied satire and half-expressed

double-entendres—the same unfinished sentences, and the same hysterical mingling of smiles and tears. Compare, for instance, *Tristram Shandy* and *L'Amoureux Franci*. A Hindoo would swear that the soul of Laurence Sterne had taken up its present abode in the body of Paul de Kock. Again, let us consider his power of turning trifles to account, and evolving from the least promising incidents the most exquisite combinations of feeling and fancy. Apropos of a pin, he fills a page with wisdom on humanities; and from his barber's recommendation of a wig-buckle, deduces an admirable analysis of the French national character. Is not this one of the leading traits of modern French authorship? Place in the way of one of these witty and imaginative *feuilletonists* the most barren and uninteresting of objects, and he will enrich it with all the embroideries of art, clothe it in the rainbow hues of his own fancy, and, though it were but an old pair of ruffles or a market-barrow, end by making you laugh or cry according to his pleasure. In this manner, an ingenious French writer has elaborated a charming volume on no more extensive a subject than a journey round his room; and from so simple an incident as a flower springing up accidentally within the confines of a prison, another has contributed to our modern European literature the most touching, the most humanizing, the most philosophical of moral stories. Thus, in his gaiety and his gravity alike, in his treatment of minutiae and his natural temperament, I find myself irresistibly reminded of the French style whenever I open a volume of Sterne. Do you follow me?"

"Perfectly," replied the philosopher; "and I admit the justice of your remarks. He has all the volatility, as well as all the seriousness of the French character—that seriousness which he was the first as well as the last traveller to discern. 'If the French have a fault, Monsieur le Comte,' he says in the chapters on the passport, 'it is that they are too serious.'"

The metaphysician smiled. "Not the last traveller," he said; "for in those notes that I made on my late journey through France and Italy, I particularly observed this exception to their generally fluttering and thoughtless disposition. These last are the qualities that strike us most by contrast

to ourselves, and that come most into play in the intercourse of common life; and therefore we are generally disposed to set them down as an altogether frivolous and superficial people. It is a mistake which we shall do well to correct on further acquaintance with them; or, if we persist in it, we must call to our aid an extraordinary degree of our native blindness and obstinacy. Why, the expression of a Frenchman's face is often as melancholy when he is by himself as it is lively in conversation. The instant he ceases to talk, he becomes 'quite chop-fallen.'"

"It is strange," observed the philosopher, "how little this contradiction in their character has been noticed. They have never had the credit of it, though it stares one in the face everywhere. You can't go into one of their theatres without being struck by the silence and decorum that reign throughout the audience, from the scholar in the stalls to the workman in the galleries."

"This results in part, perhaps, from their studious inclinations," said the other. "The French are fond of reading as well as of talking. You may constantly see girls tending an apple-stall in the coldest day in winter, and reading Voltaire or Racine. Such a thing was never known in London as a barrow-woman reading Shakspeare. Yet we talk of our wide-spread civilization and ample provisions for the education of the poor!"

"To be read thus by the lowliest as well as the loftiest, should be the highest ambition of the poet," exclaimed the philosopher enthusiastically. "Do you not remember, William, during that pedestrian excursion which you, Wordsworth, John Chester, and I once made from Nether Stowey to Linton, we stayed at an old-fashioned inn near the Valley of Rocks, breakfasted deliciously on tea, toast, eggs, and honey, and found a little worn-out copy of the *Seasons* lying in the window-seat? I took it up, and with a feeling that I cannot describe to you, exclaimed aloud: '*That is true fame!*'"

"Yes," replied the metaphysician with a sigh; "I remember it perfectly. I was but a lad at the time, and I listened as if in a dream to every syllable that fell from the lips of either Wordsworth or yourself. Fame, thought I, with a sinking heart—alas! to me it is but a word: I shall never

possess it; yet will I never cease to worship and to pursue it. At that time, I thought to be a painter; and while I lost myself in admiration of a fairy Claude, or hung enraptured over a Titian dark with beauty, I despaired of the perfection I worshipped. And I was right: I should never have made a painter."

His friend smiled, and shook his head. "And yet," said he, "you are content, I should think, with the share of renown that has fallen to your lot. Do you still hold that fame is but a word?"

"I hold it to be a glorious reality," replied the metaphysician; "but one which, least of all others, should be defaced by the petty considerations of our worldly vanities and selfish personalities. Fame is the inheritance not of the dead, but of the living. It is we who look back with lofty pride to the great names of antiquity—who drink of that flood of glory as of a river, and refresh our wings in it for future flight. Fame, to my thinking, means Shakspeare, Homer, Bacon, Raphael. Fame can attach itself only to the past. Reputation is the property of the present."

"A subtle distinction," said the philosopher, emptying the last glass of my Johannisberger; "but one which——"

The door of the chamber opened.

"Your carriage, gentleman, is ready," said the waiter.

We all rose simultaneously.

"I am sure," said the philosopher, with an air of high-bred courtesy—"I am sure we must have fatigued and interrupted you, sir, in a most unpardonable manner. I am ashamed"—and here he glanced regretfully towards the empty bottle and the comfortable *fauteuil*—"to have intruded so long upon your patience and your hospitality; but if you should ever chance to wander in the neighborhood of Nether Stowey, Somersetshire, I will endeavor to atone for my present thoughtlessness, by making you acquainted with our green and hilly country, and our wild sea-shore. Do not suppose that I say this through a forced politeness. I invite few visitors, and those whom I do ask, I welcome heartily. I am but a hermit in a cottage, however, and cannot promise to give you such vintages as this!"

He took a card from his waistcoat pocket,

and, advancing with an undulating step, laid it down beside me on the table.

"Samuel Taylor Coleridge!" I exclaimed involuntarily, as my eyes fell on the superscription.

The philosopher extended his hand to me.

"You will not forget to come and see me," he said, "if you visit my county; and I trust you will forgive me for introducing myself. It is a bad habit that one acquires abroad—above all, when one meets a fellow-Englishman."

"I consider," said I, "that I am indebted to Yorick for this piece of good fortune;" and I pointed to the portrait over the mantel-piece.

Coleridge plucked his companion by the sleeve. "Come, Hazlitt," he said, "we have no time to lose."

"How!" I exclaimed—"is it possible that—that your friend is——"

"William Hazlitt," replied the poet, making the metaphysician known to me with a serio-comic gesture—"William Hazlitt, the dreaded critic—the redoubtable reviewer—the terrible essayist!"

I endeavored to stammer out something appropriate as they took leave of me; but at that time I was little used to society, and I believe I had never seen a real live author in my life before, so I fear I was not very successful.

Coleridge hurried his friend from the room, and went out last. Just as he reached the door he turned back.

"Have you read my translation of *The Visit of the Gods*?"

I replied eagerly in the affirmative.

"Then you will remember the opening lines," he said gaily:

"Never, believe me,
Appear the Immortals,
Never alone!"

The door closed directly, and he was gone. Then I heard his genial laugh upon the stairs, and presently the rattling of the wheels that bore them away. I never visited Nether Stowey, and I never saw either of my guests again. Both have since passed away, and left only their fame and their undying thoughts behind them; but I shall never forget that brief acquaintanceship which began and ended one autumnal afternoon in Sterne's Room, at the Hôtel Dessin.

From The Dublin University Magazine.
CULLODEN.—FOUGHT IN APRIL.

BY G. W. THORNBURY.

BRIGHT both in sun and shade,
Shone the brave white cockade,
White as the snow that laid
On dark Culloden.

How the Macgregors came,
Faster than running flame,
Putting the Grants to shame,
Though so down-trodden.

Looking along the line,
I saw the fiery eyne
Of the Macdonnells shine
At the Clan Frasers;
Pulled their blue bonnets down,
With a black cruel frown,
Firm on their matted crown,
(Swords sharp as razors.)

Each his broad claymore sheath
Threw on the purple heath,
And with dirk 'tween his teeth,
Glared at the cannon.
Standing beside the corn,
Like reapers—sickles drawn,
That day at early morn
Led we the van-on.

As the wind reaps the pines,
So through the Saxon lines,
Where the keen bayonet shines,
Burst our loud clangor;
With a low fearful wail,
Spite of the fiery hail,
With our grim faces pale,
Burst we in anger.

Loud rang the slogan then,
Cheering the mountain men
With thoughts of lake and glen.
Mid the fire fountains
Waved the white ribbons all,
Round the king's colors tall!
Answered the bugle call,
Horns of the mountains!

Athol men tall and lithe,
Each with a sweeping scythe;
Yet they were but a tithe
Of the brave rebels,
Wading knee-deep in blood,
Our hot heart's crimson flood;
Yet that which makes us "wood,"*
All our strength troubles.

Crimson, like dying flame,
On the red tartans came—
What could their fury tame?
Not steel or iron—
Cutting a bloody lane,
Red path for lord and thane;
Steel blades old Allan Bane
Fiercely environ.

As when a granite block,
Stricken by lightning shock,
Breaks from the mountain rock,
Riven asunder;

* *Scotice, mad.*

Smoking down gorge and pass,
Hewing down pines like grass,
Shivered like brittle glass,
With a hoarse thunder.

As from gray Cathdicham
Stoop on the sportive lamb,
Spite of its bleeding dam,
Eagle's dark pinions,
Scaring the playing child,
With its glance keen and wild,
Scaring back blood-defil'd
To his dominions.

As when the flooded rills
Pour down between the hills,
All the lone valley fills
With awe and wonder;
Swift now, before it fast,
Flies the red lightning blast,
Through the lit pines aghast
Grows the deep thunder.

As when broad billows pour
On the lake's pebbly shore,
Hourly with heave and roar,
Swelling still louder,
Stormy the piper's call,
Marches that rise and fall,
And the forked banners all
Flutter yet prouder.

Tartans in waves of green,
Mov'd like a forest seen
Wind-toss'd, the hills between,
When the storms blacken.
Plumes in the bonnet shook,
Each one his target took,
Trampling with earnest look
Over the bracken.

Broad stretched the moor away,
Far to the east it lay,
Swelling like waves at play,
On the Forth yonder;
High rose the Rosshire hills,
Netted with lines of rills,
Sea, sky, and mountain fill
All minds with wonder.

Madly the pipers blew,
Snow-white the ribbons flew,
Deeper the fury grew—
Fury like Flodden—
Fast through the heart and brain,
Beaten like flowers by rain,
Drove the red hurricane,
O'er dark Culloden.

Bare head in wind and sun,
We prayed to only One—
Low the deep murmurs run
Of the Dhuinwassels.
There was the old Maclean,
Staring with eyes as keen
As through the covert green
Wild stag at hunter.

One line was swept away;
Still to that fatal fray,
Laughing, like boy at play,
Drove on Glengarry;

Pistol in bloody hand,
Target thrown on the sand,
Mac Bane with swinging brand
Did not long tarry.

All that mere steel could do
Against a Saxon crew,
Armed with the fire that blew
Lightning to blast us;
Swift as the eagle's wing,
From the dark rocky spring,
Where the wild fox-gloves cling,
Athol men pass'd us.

In vain round that hedge of steel,
Wounded, the clansmen reel
Despairing, and yet they feel
Dying in glory.
There I saw Stuart brave
His shattered target wave,
Trying his son to save,
Fair hair all gory.

Sullen some stand apart;
I saw the tear-drop start,
Wrung from each bleeding heart,
Mourning lost honor.

"Better go mad and weep;
Better grave ten foot deep,
Better eternal sleep,
Than this dishonor."

Waiting with open breast,
Eyes turned towards the west,
On their sheathed arms they rest,
While shot flew deadly.
Stretched cold upon the heath,
Sword unused in its sheath,
Gnashing with rage their teeth,
Eyes glaring redly.

When Keppoch saw some fly,
Tears filled his burning eye,
"Sons of my tribe!" his cry,
"Am I forsaken?"
Fast on the bay'nets then,
Hewing down flag and men,
Fierce as in rocky glen,
The wolf o'ertaken.

Athol and Cameron men,
From the dark lake and fen,
Would we could see again,
"John of the battles!"
O, for the stormy plaids!
O, for the rush of blades!
Where through the rocky glades
Mountain-stream rattles!

They could not reach the foe;
They could not strike a blow;
Fell dead the foremost row
Ere they touched bayonet.
Fire spread along the lines,
And the flame leaps and shines,
Yet the hot rage it pines,
Though they restrain it.

Fell'd in great swathes, like grain
Laid by the flooding rain,
Tide after tide in vain,
Drove on the vassals.

Then all the drums awoke,
Fire like hot lightning broke,
Fast through the sulphur smoke,
Tramped the Dhuinwassels.

Banked up with rows of dead,
Calmly as in a bed,
With his gashed forehead red,
Sat Angus the piper,
Knitted his brows and pale,
As men who see their sail
Split in a sudden gale
Still growing ripier.

Round his old sire, a son
Threw his stabbed arm (the one
With a blood torrent run),
Shielding from danger,
Praying to Jesus there
To save his hoary hair,
So he might anywhere
Die with the stranger.

One of the chieftains knelt,
Holding his girdled belt;
I saw the hot tears melt
Fast on the dying.
Then with his red claymore,
Reeking and wet with gore,
He slew some three or four
Of those who were flying.

One by his brother fell!
I saw him gasp to tell
Name of her loved so well.
Raising his brother,
Staunched with a strip of plaid,
Stab from the bayonet blade,
Youngest in all that raid,
Far from his mother!

Feeble and in the rear,
Yet without sign of fear,
Stood a blind Highland seer,
Old gray Mac Kinnon.
"To-day for revenge!" he cried,
"To-morrow for weeping!" Pride
Gave him fresh strength; he died,
Crushed by the cannon.

"If my brave sons should fly,"
Was an old chieftain's cry,
"Then by this hand to die—
My flag the winds fan her."
Scarce as he spoke so well,
Than he reel'd dead, and fell
Hard by his son—a shell
Shivered his banner.

One like a wild cat crept,
Then on the bayonets leapt,
And his bright sword it swept.
Fierce on the Messiah,
With a broad soying sweep,
Cutting a red path deep.
Wounded men shout and weep,
Cursing oppression.

Crippled men crawl to die,
Striking with glazing eye,
As with last gasp they cry,
"Death to the German!"

Clasping the bay'nets, they
Strive to tear out a way,
Leaping like stags at bay
On the red vermin.

Old men with blooded hair,
And a half madden'd stare,
Breaking through on the glare,
Cried, "O for Heaven!
Shall our brave mountaineers
Fly from mere cannoneers—
Who *one* lost battle fears?
Bruce lost eleven!"

Thus Scotland lost the day,
Crushed in this fatal fray,
Thrown in the wrestling play,
On dark Culloden!
Never was nation's heart
Pierced with such bitter smart,
Never so rent apart,
Since fatal Flodden!

Poems; Original and Translated. By William W. Caldwell. Boston: James Munroe & Company. 1867.

ONE might be almost seduced to read this volume by the neatness of the pages and the beauty of the typography, but the verses are well worthy of so fair a repository. They are written for the most part with a graceful simplicity, and are full of thought and feeling. There is no attempt to startle or surprise the reader. But there is a vein of true poetry in the volume which makes any such attempt unnecessary. For example:

"They tell me, one I love hath sinned,
Far wandering from the perfect way,
And bid me from my heart to spurn
His love and memory away.

"It may not be. I cannot break
The tender ties of many years,
Nor banish from the happy past
Its memories of smiles and tears.

"I think on childhood's merry days,
When all was sunshine and delight;
I think on manhood's calmer hours,
When shadows mingled with the light;

"And ever, in his eye, I meet
The glance of sympathy and love,
And ever hear his friendly voice
Ring true all other tones above.

"And ever, through the vanished years,
Doth memory o'er his virtues brood;
I only know to me he seems
All that is kind, and pure, and good.

"Then, rather, with a deeper love,
Let me forget the guilty stain,
And strive to win the wanderer back
To God and happiness again;

"That I, when oft my heart in vain
With dark temptation's power hath striven,
May humbly plead, O Lord, forgive,
As I my brother have forgiven."

The following is in a livelier strain:

"ROBIN'S COME.

"From the elm-tree's topmost bough,
Hark! the robin's early song,
Telling, one and all, that now
Merry spring-time hastes along;
Welcome tidings thou dost bring,
Little harbinger of spring!
Robin's come.

"Of the winter we are weary,
Weary of its frost and snow,
Longing for the sunshine cheery,
And the brooklet's gurgling flow;
Gladly then we hear thee sing
The reveillé of the spring.
Robin's come.

"Ring it out o'er hill and plain,
Through the garden's lonely bowers,
Till the green leaves dance again,
Till the air is sweet with flowers;
Wake the cowslip by the rill,
Wake the yellow daffodil.
Robin's come.

"Then, as thou wert wont of yore,
Build thy nest and rear thy young
Close beside our cottage door,
In the woodbine leaves among;
Hurt or harm thou needst not fear,
Nothing rude shall venture near.
Robin's come.

"Swinging still o'er yonder lane,
Robin answers merrily;
Ravished by the sweet refrain,
Alice claps her hands in glee,
Shouting, from the open door,
With her clear voice, o'er and o'er,
'Robin's come!'
—*N. Y. Evening Post.*

From The Evening Post.

OUR ARISS.

BY H. N. POWERS.

As if an Angel had passed by
And left the odor of the sky,
So seems it now from room to room,
Still hallowed by her heart's perfume;
Something is sacred, something dear,
That had not been without her here.
Something is better, though we grope
Awary with our broken hope:
Something above an earthly trust;
We know it is not "dust to dust."
Our loves were so inwove and blent,
So rich in trust and calm content,
It did not seem that love could draw
Her from us by its mystic law.
Yet somehow, in her look and tone,
We felt she was not all our own.
Something within her nature bore
The fragrance of the heavenly shore,
The bud could only blossom where
God's perfect smile was light and air.

A sweetness in and round her dwelt
Untold by choicest words. We felt
The pensive grace, the tender tone,
Like south wind over roses blown.
Her artless trust, affection's calm,
That folded all her life in balm;
Her genial fancies, insights new,
Her ways all simple, guileless, true.
The warm soft feeling of the sky
That trembled, melted in her eye.
Her quiet joy, the household care
She took ere she was half aware.
All this we felt, and deeper feel
In grief that time has failed to heal.
Ah! music only could express
Her nature's subtle loveliness.

How many pictures did we make
Of years to come, for her sweet sake;
We saw her beauty gather bloom,
And love for deeper love make room;
Her spirit ripen, as it drew
From all things lovely light and dew,
And, breathing sweetness everywhere,
Her life reach upward like a prayer.
Alas! for summers never born,
For purple eve and golden morn,
For hearts that ache, and eyes that swim
In sorrow till the world is dim.
In her fair face we shall not see
The tenderness which was to be;
We shall not feel, through quiet days,
The blessing of her graceful ways.
The seasons shall not nurse and teach,
With soft caress and golden speech,
Her tender thought, nor shall we view
In her love daily something new,
Nor see Christ making lustrous white
The life he fills with peace and light.

Ah, vain lament! It is not here
That being finds its perfect sphere;
Her life is more than we can guess,
Enwrought in the Divine caress.
It must be better—and we know
That all we love shall lovelier grow;
Shall wait to welcome our embrace,
Beneath the smile of God's own face.

THE FIRST FLOWERS.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

For ages on our river borders,
These tassels in their tawny bloom,
And willowy studs of downy silver,
Have prophesied of Spring to come.
For ages have the unbound waters
Smiled on them from their pebbly hem,
And the clear carol of the robin
And song of blue-bird welcomed them.
But never yet from smiling river,
Or song of early bird, have they
Been greeted with a gladder welcome
Than whispers from my heart to-day.
They break the spell of cold and darkness,
The weary watch of sleepless pain;
And from my heart, as from the river,
The ice of winter melts again.

Thanks, Mary! for this wild-wood token
Of Freya's footsteps drawing near;
Almost, as in the rune of Asgard,
The growing of the grass I hear.

It is as if the pine-trees called me
From ceiled room and silent books,
To see the dance of woodland shadows,
And hear the song of April brooks!
As in the old Teutonic ballad
Of Odenwald, live bird and tree,
Forever live in song and beauty,
So link my thought these flowers and thee.

The small bird's track, the tiny rain-drop,
Forever mark the primal rock;
Who knows but that these idle verses
May leave some trace by Artichoke?

And maidens in the far-off twilights
Repeat my words to breeze and stream,
And wonder if the old-time Mary
Were real, or the singer's dream!
Amesbury, 1st of 3d mo., 1857.

—National Era.

Sonnets and Other Poems. By Paul H. Hayne.
Charleston: Harper & Calvo. 1857.

THE author of this volume introduces it with a clever preface respecting the Sonnet, for which he claims, in our literature, the high rank it has so long held in that of Italy. His own sonnets certainly do not contradict the opinion he holds of the force and beauty of which a poetic thought expressed in this form is capable. The following, from his volume, is not quite conformed to the legitimate pattern of the sonnet, according to the Italian practice, but it is one of his best:

"DEATH.

"Then whence, O! death, thy dreariness? We know
That every flower the breeze's flattering breath
Woos to a blush, and love-like murmuring low,
Dies but to multiply its bloom in death;
The rill's glad prattling infancy that fills
The woodlands with its song of innocent glee
Is passing through the heart of shadowy hills
To swell the eternal Manhood of the Sea;
And the great Stars, Creation's minstrel-fires,
Are rolling towards the central source of Light,
Where all their separate glory but expires
To merge into ONE WORLD'S unbroken might;
There is no death but change, soul claspeth
soul,
And all are portion of the Immortal whole."

There are some miscellaneous poems at the end of the volume, which are very creditable to their author. Mr. Hayne is, we understand, a son of Colonel Hayne, who maintained the cause of South Carolina so ably against Daniel Webster, nearly thirty years since, and this book is full of the evidence of hereditary talent.
—N. Y. Evening Post.